

# Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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NUMBER 2



## ANNOUNCEMENT

**T**HE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA is established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of whose objects is to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

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<sup>1</sup> Other distinguished gentlemen have been invited to serve on this committee, but their acceptances have not yet been received.

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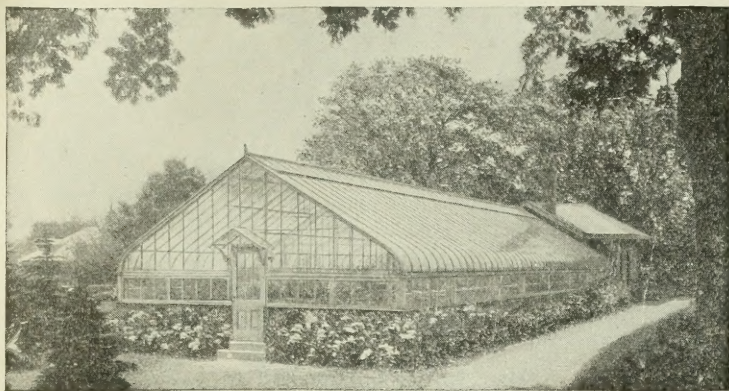
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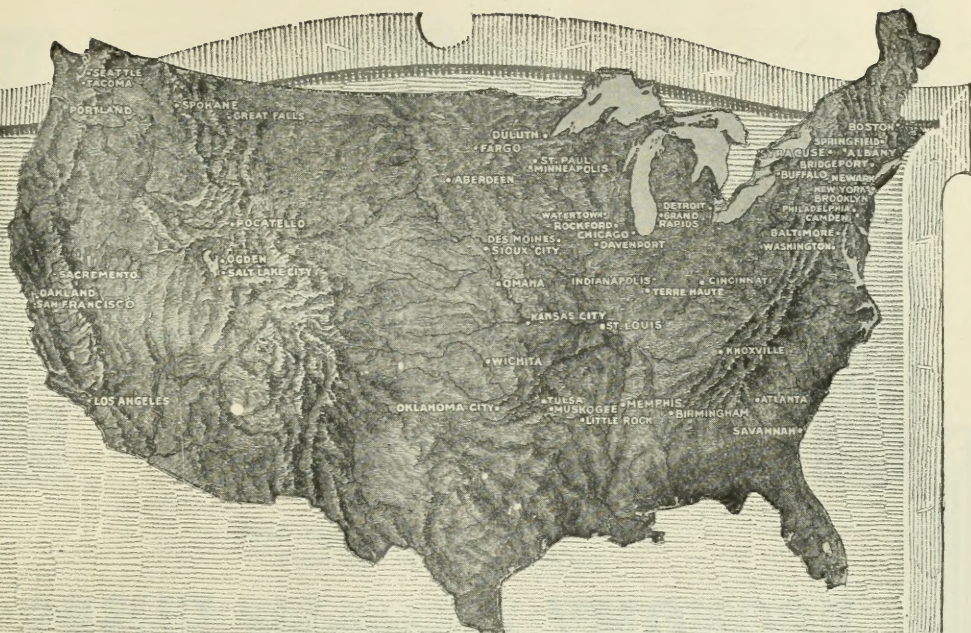
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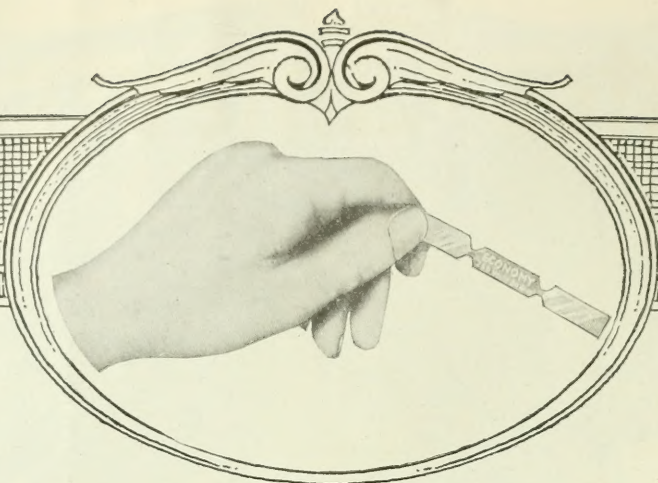
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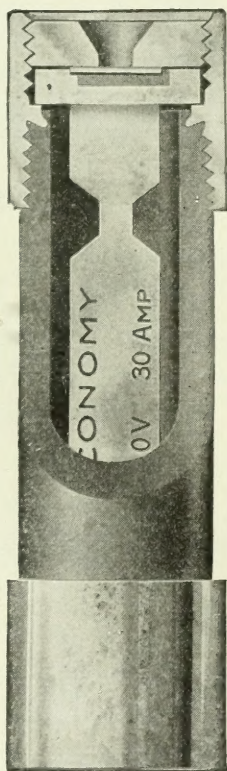
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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

JUAN BAUTISTA DE LAVALLE, just entering mature life, was graduated with distinction in the faculties of jurisprudence, of political and administrative sciences and of philosophy and letters of the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, Lima, Perú; he is a professor in the faculties of jurisprudence and of philosophy and letters in his Alma Mater; secretary of the Ateneo de Lima; a member of the Sociedad Geográfica, of Lima, and of the Peruvian Bar Association; he is the secretary of the Peruvian Society of International Law and he is one of the representatives of the Peruvian government at the peace conferences in Paris, as well as the first secretary of the Peruvian legation in that city; he has served as first secretary and as chargé d'affaires of the Peruvian legation in Bolivia; and he is the author of numerous literary, historical and legal works.

JULIO R. BARCOS was born in Argentina thirty-six years ago and his early education was received in Buenos Aires; he has been prominent in the organization of popular movements for education in that city, where he founded the Liga Nacional del Magisterio and the Sociedad Popular de Educación Racionalista; he has been a professor in the Universidad Nacional de la Plata; he visited the United States in 1916 and spent a year doing graduate work in philosophy at Columbia University; afterward he passed some time in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and he founded there the Universidad Popular; at present he is one of the proprietors and editors of *Cuasimodo*, of Panamá, and he is traveling in the interests of that magazine and of other publications.

ANTONIO GOMEZ RESTREPO is a Colombian man of letters and publicist who was educated at Bogotá; he has served as secretary of the Colombian legation in Madrid and in several public capacities under his government; at present he is the secretary

of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores; he is regarded as one of the leading writers of the republic; in addition to *Lecciones de la literatura castellana*, *Ecos perdidos* and many uncollected newspaper and magazine articles, he has recently edited a four-volume edition of the *Poesías de Rafael Pombo*, and he now has in process of publication the *Obras completas de don Miguel Antonio Caro*, the first volume of which appeared in 1918.

OCTAVIO MÉNDEZ PEREIRA is a man of letters and educator, now resident in the city of Panamá, and the rector of the Instituto Nacional, the leading educational institution of the republic. He is the author of several works of history and criticism, and of numerous monographs.

ALEJANDRO FUENZALIDA GRANDÓN, now in the prime of life, was educated as a lawyer in the Universidad de Chile, and for many years he has been professor of esthetics in the school of fine arts of the Instituto Pedagógico of that university, and of history in the Instituto Nacional; in 1903, he published *Historia del desarrollo intelectual en Chile* (1541-1810); in 1906, *La evolución social de Chile* (1541-1816); in 1911, *Lastarria i su tiempo; su vida, obras e influencia en el desarrollo político e intelectual de Chile*, two volumes; and, in 1919, *El trabajo y la vida en el mineral "El Teniente"*; and he has contributed many articles to magazines and newspapers.

EDUARDO WILDE was an Argentine publicist and man of letters who died at Brussels, September 4, 1915, and whose reputation was based mainly upon his literary productions. Among his works may be mentioned: *Tiempo perdido*; *Premoteo y compañía*; *Por mares y por tierras*; and *Aguas abajo*, the last of these being published after his death; his writings show marked individuality, and a strain of humor runs through them all.



# PAN AMERICANISM IN BRAZIL PRIOR TO THE DECLARATION OF MONROE

BY

HEITOR LYRA

The author, basing his conclusion upon documentary evidence, would show that the so-called Pan American or interamerican doctrine did not originate with Monroe, but that it was of Brazilian origin, and that the need and desirability of such an expression and such an interaction were recognized several years before the pronouncement of the president of the United States in 1823, which merely summarized the doctrine in concrete form. This article is fundamentally important as an introduction to the study of the whole question of Monroeism, or the doctrine of American political isolation, integrity and coöperation.—THE EDITOR.

ON DECEMBER 2, 1823, James Monroe, president of the republic from 1817, read before the congress of the United States his famous message, by virtue of which, in the words of Pressensé,

the American people placed on record one more chapter of their decalogue.<sup>1</sup>

Thus was officially born, in the parliament of the greatest democracy existing in the world, a political doctrine which was destined to give rise to long and disputatious discussions on both continents.

"The American continents," said Monroe, "by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

Referring to the South American states, he added:

we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or in any other manner controlling their destiny, than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The foundation stone of future Pan Americanism was thus officially laid.

The nations of the Holy Alliance, more directly addressed by Monroe, replied to the arrogant and original declaration with a smile half incredulous and half fearful: incredulous because the doctrine was new and original; fearful because the author

merited respect. At all events, they were amazed that a man should dare to tell them openly, in an official document, that they were no longer to be permitted to interfere in lands which they themselves had conquered and colonized.

England was perhaps the only nation of Europe to which the declaration of the American president was not altogether displeasing.

Certain that none would take Canada away from her,<sup>2</sup> or any of her other small possessions in America, it was to her interest that no European power should strengthen itself by the acquisition of territory in the new continent. Grown, after Waterloo, to be the first world power, she did not admit that any one whosoever might cast a shadow upon her by means of territorial conquests.

Hence the sympathy which the cabinet at London was eager to show toward the liberative movements in the Spanish colonies of America, and, consequently, the opposition to the plans of Madrid. The old nation of Felipe II was certainly too broken to hinder, in any way, the progress of the British empire. Moreover, in any case, if Spain should again come to possess nearly all of America, this might in time seriously embarrass the English international policy.

This sympathy that England bestowed

<sup>1</sup>Francis de Pressensé: "La doctrine de Monroe," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, 1898, page 431.

<sup>2</sup>"With the exception of the English to the north of the United States, both the Americas should henceforth be left in American hands." (Words of Adams to the North American minister at Saint Petersburg in 1821). Helio Lobo: "George Canning or James Monroe?" *Revista Americana*, year 1, number 1, page 100.



upon those who entertained ideas favorable to the liberation of America was so open that even here in Brazil the neutrality of England was deemed possible in the case of an alliance between the American states against European pretensions.

Admiral Rodrigo Pinto Guedes, afterward the Baron do Rio da Prata, a very intelligent man, said, in 1819, to Thomaz Antonio de Villanova Portugal, the minister for foreign affairs, that Brazil, in order to be "protected from the powers of Europe, needed only an alliance with her neighbors to the south and to the north." He added that the business would be a very safe one, if we could count upon, "I do not say an alliance with England, but merely upon her neutrality."<sup>3</sup>

Thus, the British empire would not only prevent each and every effort at reconquest in America, but it would go much further: it would observe neutrality in the face of any possible alliance of the American nations.

That she would oppose any attempt at the recolonization of America is proven by the words of the foreign office to the English ambassador to the court of Louis XVIII:

England will not suffer France to take possession of lands in America, either by cession or by conquest.<sup>4</sup>

These words were officially addressed to France; but in reality they were nothing less than a warning to the European nations that still cherished ambitious ideas of reconquests in America.

Neither by conquest, nor by cession . . .

Neither by conquest: these words were also addressed to Spain, which was prepared to send at any moment her famous *galeones* from Cádiz to retake America; they were addressed to Portugal, which had lost Brazil the year before; they were addressed, finally, to Russia, which also laid claim to her part of America.

"Russia desires most vehemently to take possession of some Spanish colony on the

plea of providing for an additional revenue," wrote Araujo Carneiro, plenipotentiary at Berne, to the minister for foreign affairs at Rio de Janeiro.<sup>5</sup>

So much for South America; but the Muscovite nation also turned her eyes toward the lands of the north.

On September 4, 1821, the Czar issued a ukase in which he claimed for his country the northwest coast of America, to the fifty-first parallel of north latitude. The United States, however, always vigilant, protested immediately:

There is perhaps no better opportunity than this for us to say frankly and loyally to the Russian government that the future peace of the world and the interests of Russia herself can not be promoted by means of Russian colonial establishments with a base in any part of this continent. The Russian proposal to form great colonial establishments in America is unacceptable. The new republics of this hemisphere, as well as the United States, have become uneasy about the Russian proximity.<sup>6</sup>

Yet in spite of these and other declarations by the American government, the nations of Europe did not weary in their efforts to obtain the consent of the British government to a combined move against the insurgents of America. They hoped to overcome the scruples of the foreign office by demonstrating the danger which existed for the British empire in the species of tutorship which the United States was arrogating to herself.

England, however, did not look with favor on this grandiloquent proposal, constrained by her liberal policy, her commercial interests and the fear that the permitting of a European power to have a free hand in America would afterward embarrass her action in Europe. An America "a mirror of Europe," was not wholly agreeable to her way of thinking. Would it, however, be preferable perhaps that Europe should become a mirror of North America?

Here England hesitated.

While she hesitated, the United States took her precautions:

<sup>3</sup>Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil: Rio da Prata.

<sup>4</sup>From the dispatch of George Canning to the embassy in Paris, London, March 31, 1823.—Helio Lobo: *op. cit.*, page 93.

<sup>5</sup>Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil: Rio da Prata.

<sup>6</sup>Adams's dispatch.—Helio Lobo: *op. cit.*, page 100.



I esteem myself to be empowered to declare on behalf of my government that it would not remain a passive witness to an attack on the colonies by the Holy Alliance,

wrote Richard Rush, American ambassador in London, to the foreign office.<sup>7</sup>

It was a most critical moment. It was bruited on all sides that the time had come for the reestablishment of European rule in America. Allied Europe was about to strike a heavy blow.

Rumors began to reach Rio de Janeiro.

Francisco Bento Maria Targini, Visconde de San Lourenço, poet and financier, wrote confidentially to the minister for foreign affairs:

English mail advices received yesterday state that in London and even in Madrid full credence is given to the report that Spain, Great Britain and Portugal are sure to celebrate an offensive and defensive alliance against the United States of America, which is proposing to espouse the cause of liberty on behalf of the insurgents. The preliminaries are:

1. To close the ports to the Americans;
2. To blockade the American ports;
3. To restore the two Floridas to Spain, together with all the dominions on the southern bank of the Río de la Plata and on the western bank of the Río del Paraguay.<sup>8</sup>

However, Villanova Portugal, startled, perhaps, to find the name of his country included in the transaction, had already been warned that the United States would not regard with benevolence the proposed alliance. In a previous year, 1818, John Quincy Adams had declared, with a thoroughly American asperity, to the Portuguese plenipotentiary at Washington, that if associated Europe should take upon herself to regulate a question which interests us so intimately, without giving us a hearing, she must not be surprised if we take action without consulting her.<sup>9</sup>

In the same way as the United States had addressed the court at Rio de Janeiro, she made known in London, Paris, Saint Peters-

burg and Madrid, through notes and dispatches, that the era of colonization was closed for ever.

There was in this, besides, an element of vanity.

It was not well for the United States to occupy the position of an independent country on a colonial continent, however strong she might be. Surrounded by poverty-stricken colonies, vassals of Europe, and having as neighbors subaltern rulers, the United States would feel out of place. America would be for ever looked upon as a colonial continent of secondary importance; and certainly, as an independent, sovereign and proud nation, this position in an inferior continent was not pleasing to her.

So, the South American colonies having, of their own accord, thrown off the European yoke, political expediency dictated that the opportunity should be seized for ending this inferiority that so greatly annoyed her.

This explains the sympathy she had so readily shown with the insurrection in the south.

Even in 1811 the American parliament had thought of conceding the status of belligerents to the Spanish insurgents. This was a forecast of recognition. It was even more: it was anticipatory recognition. In this same year of 1811, President Madison declared in his message to the congress

that the battles of the south impose on the republic the duty of taking a deep interest in its destinies.<sup>10</sup>

This "deep interest" resulted, as we have seen, in the open defense of the new republics. Like a sentinel, the United States posted herself firmly at the door of America, mounting guard, in order that no European nation might attempt to enter. Besides, she showed her good sense in all this. If it were once for all thoroughly understood that she would not meddle in the affairs of the Old World, it was reasonable to suppose that the same treatment might be expected for America.

"Our first and fundamental maxim

<sup>7</sup> Helio Lobo: *op. cit.*, page 96.

<sup>8</sup> Letter from the Visconde de San Lourenço to Villanova Portugal, Rio de Janeiro, December 7, 1819. — *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores: Rio da Prata.*

<sup>9</sup> Helio Lobo: *op. cit.*, page 98.

<sup>10</sup> Francisco García Calderón: "El panamericanismo: su pasado y su porvenir," *Revista Americana*, year 4, number 3, page 109.



should be," said Jefferson, "to refrain from taking part in the quarrels of Europe; the second, never to allow Europe to interfere in disputes on this side of the Atlantic."<sup>11</sup>

In spite, however, of all the clear expressions of the United States, Europe still meditated her plans for reconquest.

Even England also, to whom a European alliance against America was unwelcome, sent the duke of Wellington in 1818 on a mission to the court of Madrid to propose to Spain, in the name of the allies, some sort of negotiation respecting the colonies.<sup>12</sup>

Let us see, however, what the situation in America at this juncture really was, and whether this insistence of Europe upon the recovery of the lands she had lost was explicable.

The Spanish colonies had just freed themselves from their guardians; and for this very reason the governments which they had founded still lacked stability; they were not, in truth, established upon firm and durable foundations. In most of them discord and contentions still held sway. There still existed, though much depleted and weakened, a colonial party which strove for the ancient order of things. On the other hand, the unpatriotic aspirations of some petty chieftains constantly imperiled the safety of the *de facto* governments. Like Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina, the other South American countries lived in a state of continual revolution and civil war. Governments succeeded each other with remarkable frequency. To-day they would assume power by force of arms; to-morrow they would fall from the place illegally occupied, impelled by that same violence. *Coups d'état*, proclamations, followed by murders and inquisitorial persecutions, *complots*, took nobody by surprise, so commonplace had they become in American politics. It was a régime of outlawry. Every man gave commands; hence there was none to obey. It was demagoguery, with all its consequences.

Only two countries were free from this unruly and dangerous state of affairs: the United States and Brazil.

The United States stood firm, because not only had she been an independent state from 1776—nearly fifty years—but also because of the disposition of her people, the political education of her leaders, the degree of progress to which she had attained and the colonial system which she had received.

The coming of the court of Lisbon to Brazil in 1808, and her subsequent elevation to a kingdom was a factor of immense importance for us. Thanks to the monarchical régime, we were not left to the mercy of petty chieftains who, sustained by false democratic principles, attacked the constituted powers at every opportunity. Perhaps the greatest service hitherto rendered us by France was the invasion of Portugal by Junot, which brought about the flight of the prince regent to Brazil.

It is true that Artigas and Rondeau were living here; but they did not dare to show themselves, because they saw that a European monarch governed at Rio de Janeiro, a descendant of one of the most ancient houses of the Old World; and that in case of danger he would appeal successfully to the monarchical governments of Europe, fully assured that they would not scruple to send assistance of every description, in order to defend the monarchical spirit which they represented. It was a throne that would be endangered. It would be one crown less, and one republic more. Surely it was in the interests of the other crowned heads to defend the head that was in danger. In defending Dom João VI, they would be defending their own cause, which was the cause of royalty. Besides, the people were sincerely on the side of the throne.

In spite of all this, however, a serious revolutionary movement broke out in 1817 at Pernambuco, but, notwithstanding the vigor and the unanimity with which the men of the republic of Bereribe had risen, the authority of the king's government gained the day. Cruz Cabugá, the first and only diplomat of the unhappy republic, for all his tact, accomplished nothing in the United States in behalf of "the sacred cause of liberty." The cabinet at Washington remained deaf to the "appeals of afflicted humanity, outraged

<sup>11</sup> Helio Lobo; *op. cit.*, page 107.

<sup>12</sup> John Bassett Moore: *A Digest of International Law*, volume VI, page 376. Helio Lobo: *op. cit.*, page 92.



by the unbearable despotism of the house of Braganza."<sup>13</sup> Thus, crushed by the "harshness, savagery and delirium of punishment"—these are the words of Oliveira Lima<sup>14</sup>—meted out by the government at Rio de Janeiro, the only movement for independence that seriously shook the crown disappeared in blood and tears.

The very failure of the emancipation movement of 1817 proved the stability and good organization of the government of Brazil. If the republicans of Recife thought to imitate the revolutionaries of the Plata in 1810—we think otherwise, as the idealism and the inexperience which they showed from the outset made it plain that there was a great difference between them and the men of the south—if, however, the companions of Father Roma, when they rose against the metropolis, had well founded hopes that their ideas would prevail, as those of the insurgents had prevailed, it was because they did not realize the radical difference that existed between the Portuguese colony and the Spanish colonies.

Brazil, which, as Thomas Jefferson said, was, in 1817, "more populous, richer than, and as well educated as, the mother country,"<sup>15</sup> could not suffer a comparison with the other South American countries.

At Rio de Janeiro there was a court, with an established government, composed of men who were versed in the veteran exercise of power, and who had grown gray in the offices of state at Lisbon. There was a king, who was not an improvised sovereign, but a king in fact and by right, who relied upon the history of centuries to make his crown respected. About the throne and in the anterooms were no statesmen of the sword and pistol or courtiers greedy for gold, but clear-headed and sensible men, matured by travel and accustomed to the civilization of Europe. The Conde

da Barca, Villanova Portugal, Galvêas, the Conde dos Arcos, the Marquez d'Aguiar, Linhares and many others were not, assuredly, adventurers or petty chieftains, but shrewd statesmen, enthusiastic monarchists and sincere defenders of the crown, who never failed to emphasize and avow their zeal, love and fidelity in the service of their king and master.

On the contrary, in the other South American countries, the governments were at first in the hands of viceroys, who had come to these distant and savage lands only to make their fortunes, in order later to enjoy the consolations of peace while leading the life of *grands seigneurs* at the courts of Europe. They were not actuated by the great interests that would induce self-sacrifice because of the power invested in them, because it was not endless, but subject to the policy and caprice of the men of Madrid.

When revolutionary movements broke out, those viceroys were replaced by governmental councils and "supreme directors." What measure of respect, however, did the men who formed those new governments inspire in the mother-country? What power and stability did these revolutionary governments possess? What could they do in the case of a real trial of strength with the court of Madrid? Nothing. The stability of governments by "supreme directors"—for the very reason that the members of them had not the least authority or did not inspire the necessary confidence—was ever subject to the caprices of the morrow. If one day a group of men was raised to power by the strength of certain petty chiefs, the next day saw them overthrown by the bayonets of those same chiefs, owing to personal rivalry or ill restrained ambitions. To them might be applied the phrase of Washington:

What, gracious God! is man that there should be such inconsistency and perfidiousness in his conduct? It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the constitutions of our own choice and making; and now we are unsheathing the sword to overturn them.<sup>16</sup>

Confronted with these repeated changes

<sup>13</sup> Cabugá's appeal to the president of the United States, in the archives of the department of state at Washington, cited by Oliveira Lima: Notes to "Historia da revolução pernambucana de 1817," by Monsenhor Muniz Tavares, *Revista Americana*, year 6, number 5, page 123.

<sup>14</sup> Oliveira Lima: "O centenário de 1817," *Diário de Pernambuco*, March 10, 1817.

<sup>15</sup> Mattoso Maia: *Lições da história do Brasil*, Rio de Janeiro, 1898, page 231.

<sup>16</sup> José Martí: *Los Estados Unidos*, Madrid, page 120.



in government, these oscillations which so greatly weakened the stability of and respect for the republic, they themselves did not hide the doubt which was entering their souls as to whether a stable and honest republican government was attainable. "Five years of continual experiment have made all men of judgment and conviction see that this country is not old enough or in a proper state to govern itself," said General Alvear in 1815.<sup>17</sup>

Now, granted these conditions, it was natural that the powers of Europe should cherish ideas of reconquest in this part of the world. Although they had declared themselves independent of Spain, the Latin republics of America were living subject to every caprice of fortune, under a régime of pure demagoguery and at the mercy of any daring pretender.

When a party of self-constituted leaders, at the head of irregular and badly armed troops, made itself master of the reins of government from one day to another, it was quite natural that Spain should consider it an easy task to reconquer her colonies, seeing that she had an army against which Napoleon could avail nothing and a large and powerful navy. The possibility of this European aggression against the lands of America was held to be so reasonable in this part of the world that even here in Brazil, in spite of our well organized government, responsible men could not disguise the apprehension that such a movement caused them.

At the court of Rio de Janeiro, as in Buenos Aires and Montevideo, "enslaving designs" and the "revolting pretensions of Europe" were talked about; and, like the leaders of the Plata, the men of Brazil pondered measures to prevent the accomplishment of these designs.

Let it not be said that this spirit of uneasiness was unwarranted in the Brazil of the first decade of the nineteenth century, in the face of a possible European attack, because, forsooth, being nothing more than a Portuguese colony or, at most, a prolongation of Portugal herself, the invasion of her territory was not of interest to the European nations.

Above all, the power of the viceroys being now extinct, and a king residing at Rio de Janeiro, with a court and an organized government, the term "colony" was no longer appropriate to Brazil. "As soon as his majesty took the step which he did take in November, 1807, he caused the name colony to disappear," said the already cited Araujo Carneiro.<sup>18</sup>

Besides, the very designation, "United Kingdom of Portugal, Brazil and Algarves," given soon after the arrival of the prince regent at Rio de Janeiro, excluded any question of a colony.

So, the position of Brazil at this time was that of a regular sovereign state, rather than that of a colony. The king was here, the ministers were at hand, the diplomatic corps of the friendly nations and, finally, all the government machinery of the "United Kingdom" were present.

By a curious coincidence, just when the liberative movements began their ferment in the Spanish colonies, the regent and his government reached Brazil, thus rendering to Brazil *les attributs de la souveraineté*.<sup>19</sup>

Brazil having thus passed from a mere Portuguese colony to the status of a sovereign nation and having attained a political standing higher than that of the mother-country, it was natural that the politicians of Rio de Janeiro should regard with sympathy the revolutionists of the south, who desired nothing better than the fate which had befallen Brazil. The insurgents of the Plata, struggling against the yoke of Spain, were only fighting for their freedom and independence, that is to say, for that which Brazil had just gained.

Besides, the American spirit, the very fact that all of them belonged to the same continent, added weight to them in the scales of Brazil's regard. She saw her neighbors, belonging to the same continent, living under the same skies, far from Europe, and therefore despised and ill-treated, fighting for life, defending themselves with fire and sword against the yoke that Spain once again sought to impose. Brazil,

<sup>17</sup>Alvear's dispatch to Lord Stranford, January 23, 1815. Pereira da Silva, *op. cit.*, volume III, page, 375.

<sup>18</sup>Letter from Araujo Carneiro to Villanova Portugal, Paris, March 3, 1818: *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil: Rio da Prata*.

<sup>19</sup>Oliveira Lima: *Formation historique de la nationalité brésilienne*, Paris, page 130.



which for more than three hundred years had lived under the Portuguese yoke, giving her blood and her life for Portugal, one day saw her owner, her master, cross her threshold and give her that which every slave dreams of: liberty. Her sisters, however, who like her had lived in captivity for three hundred years, one day broke through the prison bars and won by force what was spontaneously given to Brazil: liberty. Should Brazil then, a sister in misfortune and a sufferer also of the horrors of slavery for centuries, be assigned the task of enslaving her sisters so recently emancipated?

Certainly not; Brazil could but view the Spanish-American republics with sympathy. It may be said, however, that Brazil was Portugal at this time, because the king and the most of the ministers were Portuguese; and did it suit Portugal to protect the revolutionaries of the south, thus placing obstacles in the way of Europe in the reconquest of her lost territories?

Europe in this case meant primarily Spain, and it was politically expedient for Portugal, as it was for England, to prevent Spain, her old enemy, from becoming greater and stronger at the expense of the American domains.

Spain once more in America, ominous Castilla once again installed on the Plata, would mean the reopening of the old controversies regarding the colony upon the Sacramento, the missions of Uruguay and Martín García; it would involve the renewal of strife with Vertiz and Cevallos, which had cost the Portuguese nation so much money and so many lives at the end of the eighteenth century; and, finally, it meant the relinquishment, once for all, of unhappy Uruguay, so devastated by Artigas and Rondeau, the retention of which was so perseveringly advocated by Palmella,<sup>20</sup> that *parfait grand seigneur, friand de bonne société*.<sup>21</sup>

No; it was surely not Portugal, which still lamented the loss of Olivença, nor even less Brazil, more American than Portuguese, that ought to be called upon to uphold Spain in her pretensions at recolonization.

The long and clearly thought out letter which Heliodoro Jacintho de Araujo Carneiro, a Brazilian plenipotentiary in Europe, wrote from Paris, in March, 1818, to the minister Villanova Portugal, defines very well the position of Portugal, or, rather, that of Brazil, in this epoch of great events:

As your excellency is now in a position to appreciate the value of even the smallest items of information, and as I am aware of your excellency's patriotism and honor, I am therefore sure that I shall be forgiven for venturing to make to your excellency the following observations, certain, as I am, that they are based upon facts, and desirous, as I am, that the glory and dominion of the best of kings should prosper!

The affairs of Montevideo<sup>22</sup> have acquired, here in Europe, a complexion that is perhaps much more serious than is generally supposed. Russia desires most vehemently to take possession of some Spanish colony, on the pretext of thus obtaining additional revenue, and for this reason she is joining the Spaniards (who all fear that it will be at Montevideo that she is to land) for the Río de la Plata. I do not know what the Conde de Palmella<sup>23</sup> will do, but I know what I should do in his place: on no account arouse against us the revolutionists of Buenos Aires. *Inasmuch as it would be the grossest political paradox that could at present be imagined for any one to suppose the vast continent of South America might still become a colony of Europe*.<sup>24</sup> His majesty is very well acquainted with my ideas in this respect and what I have always said, that is, to sway the independents by fair means, and on no account by force of arms.

It is morally impossible for the neighbors of Brazil longer to endure that the name of feudatories of Spain should be applied to them, after the step which his majesty took in November, 1807,<sup>25</sup> by which the policy of Europe, and perhaps of the universe, was changed, as soon as his majesty had thus given tone to the New World and caused the name of colony to disappear! The history of the French revolution is still too recent to fail to serve as a lesson to the governments: it shows clearly that if

<sup>22</sup> Refers to the occupation of Uruguay by the troops of General Lecor.

<sup>23</sup> Palmella was the Portuguese ambassador in London in 1818.

<sup>24</sup> The italics are not in the original.

<sup>25</sup> Departure for Brazil of the prince regent Dom João.

<sup>20</sup> Duque de Palmella: *Cartas e despachos*, volume I.

<sup>21</sup> Oliveira Lima: *ibid.*, page 138.



other powers had not excited France and if they had not meddled with the French, the latter would never have been able to develop the energy and force which they accumulated, almost to the point of overwhelming Europe! The Americans have the advantage over the French: first, because of the difficulty with which they, unlike the French, could be invaded by Europe; and secondly, because the Americans of the United States are their friends and allies.

It is due to the dignity and interests of his majesty that, after the important step taken in November, 1807, the peoples with common boundaries with his dominions should be neither colonists nor partisans of Europe. How humiliating would it be for a sovereign to be obliged to go to live with his far-off vassals, in order to retain his transatlantic possessions, while other sovereigns<sup>26</sup> could see their possessions safe while living in Europe!

It is to his interest, because a state can never shine or flourish without competition with neighboring states in industry and commerce! What measure of industry and commerce has a colony ever had? That the neighbors of Brazil should be, or should desire to be, independent is no reason for declaring open war on them. On the contrary, there is much better reason to believe in the influence which his majesty and his government may have over South America after independence from Europe shall have been declared than while she is subject to European jurisdiction. Your excellency will admit that the chief duty of the government is to show the peoples of South America, by the example of a wise administration, that the monarchical government is more solid and durable than a government subject to caprices and rivalries. The born allies of Brazil will always be the Americans of the south and those of the north. In Buenos Aires and in the United States, his majesty should have, not ordinary ministers, but ambassadors or ministers of the first rank, both in capacity and honor. As I have said, the political relations of his majesty changed with the great step of November 29; and just as, in other days, it was in Spain and France that we had ambassadors, so now we should give the preference to Buenos Aires and the United States, which is where they should be.

In my humble opinion, the inference is plain that less evil can result to his majesty from a good understanding with the independents than from the humiliation attached to the cession of Montevideo to Spain. Never, never, will Europe guarantee the safety of his possessions

to his majesty, who must himself be the creator and guarantor of his own policy.

America is much too far advanced to admit of the possibility of any panic, arising from threats of naval action.

In case his majesty think he ought to evacuate Montevideo, it will be very necessary and politic to do so with the full knowledge of the independents and in harmony with them, else a disastrous war will result, one to which Europe will hasten and from which she will profit.<sup>27</sup>

Araujo Carneiro was strongly convinced then that Brazil should establish closer relations with the insurgents of the Spanish colonies. "Let us on no account provoke the revolutionists of Buenos Aires against us," he said. A contrary line of policy would also have been opposed to American interests, which were the interests of Brazil.

Because Brazil, being once raised to the status of a kingdom, was, and had the right to be considered, an American state. What did it matter, in truth, that there was at Rio de Janeiro a European prince, a scion of an old European house, governing the country? From the moment this prince transferred his interests and those of his policy to America, they became in some degree American.

"The interests of the house of Braganza have become identical with those of the continent, in the same way as those of the United States or of any other sovereign power that establishes itself on this side of the Atlantic," said Manuel García, an Argentine diplomat, long acquainted with American affairs, who lived for many years at the court of Don João.<sup>28</sup>

So, Araujo Carneiro's ideas were not altogether preposterous, as some might think, taking into consideration the epoch in which they were promulgated. The policy set forth by him was the American policy, one of close approximation in America, where the *born allies* of Brazil were to be found.

Carneiro, however, did not express any new ideas in his letter. The policy enun-

<sup>27</sup> *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil: Rio da Prata.*

<sup>28</sup> *Documentos inéditos acerca de la misión del doctor Manuel José García, diputado de las Provincias Unidas en la corte de Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, 1883, volume 1, page 35.*

<sup>26</sup> Fernando VII, king of Spain.



ciated by him was not a new thing to the men of the Brazilian government.

We shall see, by a hasty examination of documents, that, at this time and even some time earlier, the American policy was already a subject of interest to the men of Rio de Janeiro. For it is unquestionable that, long before Monroe declared, in his message to the congress, that the

American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers,

there was already a tendency in Brazil, not only to take for granted the termination of the era of European rule, but also toward the formation of a league, an alliance, between the American countries—especially those of the south—as a means of preventing interference on the part of Europe.

It was therefore more than "Monroeism," it was "Pan Americanism."

If Monroe established the bases of Pan Americanism publicly and officially in 1823, South America had already thought of adopting this liberal policy some years before.

Sá Vianna observes that the South American states, soon after they became independent, endeavored to celebrate treaties among themselves

of a permanent and compulsory character, not as a mere compromise, but as the actual organic principle of a broad and complex political conception which the American states had devised as a safeguard against attacks by the former mother-country, Spain. . . .

These states decided to exert all their strength to maintain their freedom and independence, and, desiring that this determination should be shared by all the old Spanish states of America, in order that strong, united and powerful, they might uphold the common cause of their independence, they celebrated treaties of union, alliance and perpetual confederation.<sup>29</sup>

This was the dream of Bolívar.

Only united can America present herself

to the world with an aspect of majesty and

greatness without parallel among the ancient nations.<sup>30</sup>

Bolívar was perhaps the true founder of Pan Americanism.

So thought Arthur Orlando,<sup>31</sup> when he said that this American doctrine derived its initiative from the Pan Latin conception of the great Liberator.

For Monroeism, as it was regarded in North America, in 1823, was more properly a North American than a continental program. Besides, every one knows now that the American president, when he made his famous declaration, had particularly in mind the Russian pretensions in the neighborhood of the United States. He aimed solely at the defense of his country. It was a "purely defensive" doctrine.<sup>32</sup> "Monroeism had, at the outset, nothing in view but the defense of the United States," says Arthur Orlando.<sup>33</sup>

Pan Americanism, therefore, was born in South America. It came to life with Bolívar, who invited the nations of the continent to the first Pan American congress in advance of Monroe.

Oliveira Lima, however, goes farther. According to him, Pan Americanism was formulated for the first time in Brazil, in 1817, by Cruz Cabugá, plenipotentiary of the Pernambucan republic in the United States.<sup>34</sup>

It is not our purpose, however, to inquire as to who was the founder of Pan Americanism in South America. We are merely trying to show, by appeal to existing documents, that even before 1823, that is, before Monroe enunciated his doctrine, there was in Brazil a marked tendency toward an American policy, or, rather, toward a Pan American policy.

From Araujo Carneiro's letter of 1818, we have already seen how strongly he

<sup>29</sup> García Calderón: "El panamericanismo: su pasado y su porvenir," *Revista Americana*, year 6, page 3109.

<sup>31</sup> Arthur Orlando: *Panamericanismo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1908, page 17.

<sup>32</sup> Barral-Montferrat: *De Monroe à Roosevelt*, page 160.

<sup>33</sup> Arthur Orlando, *op. cit.*

<sup>34</sup> Oliveira Lima: Notes to "Historia da Revolução pernambucana de 1817" by monsenhor Muniz Tavares, *Revista Americana*, year 5, number 5, pages 124 and 125.

<sup>29</sup> Sá Vianna: *De la non existence d'un droit international américain*, pages 124 and 125.



advocated an alliance between the nations of America—where the *born allies* of Brazil resided—as the only means of preventing European interference.

In the following year of 1819, Rodrigo Pinto Guedes, to whom we have already referred above, said clearly, in a lucid and sensible expression of opinion presented to the minister for war and foreign affairs, that the only means Brazil possessed to safeguard herself in the presence of the threats of Europe was an alliance with her neighbors to the north and south, that is, the formation of what he called an American league. Guedes said in his letter:

Brazil, although sparsely populated in relation to her size, is not ill prepared for her defense, as her ports are sufficiently well garrisoned, and they can be made stronger, when the borders shall require no forces, a desideratum attainable by means of alliances with neighboring states, whose requirements and interests are reciprocal.

If, however, it should happen that some Brazilian ports could be invaded in a surprise attack by troops brought from Europe, the simple expedient, so often practised in the last European war, of evacuation and retreat, whereby the supply of munitions is cut off, would reduce the assailants to the dire necessity of abandoning their gains. What nation would venture to incur such enormous and useless expense?

To show how little importance need be attached to this contingency, it is sufficient to consider the difficulty of reinforcing and maintaining from Europe so precarious a military occupation, and the ease with which Brazil could aid the recovery of any port of the kingdom invaded in this manner, even not counting the allies. Assuming that these measures are inadequate and without taking into consideration the help which we have a right to expect from our ally, Great Britain, it would be easy to include, as a last recourse, the United States in the American league, as she will be only too glad to preserve and even to increase the respect due to that part of the world which through its own energy began its emancipation, so ably seconded by his majesty of Portugal. How can any European nation hope to hold a colony in America without the permission of the American league, if this should come to be composed of the United States, the kingdom or independent state of México, Brazil, the South American domain and the other smaller sovereign states, which, as may be seen on the map,

should be the *entrepôts* of the kingdoms and larger states?<sup>35</sup>

As may be seen, it was the program of a genuine Pan American policy: complete political independence, military independence and commercial independence: America for the Americans, America brought together and strongly united, politically and militarily, to prevent Europe from establishing here a colonial régime “without the permission of the American league.”

So, even if Brazil was not yet independent of Portugal—although a European monarch, with a throne in the Old World, was in residence at Rio de Janeiro—an alliance between the American nations, an American league, or, in other words, Pan Americanism, was here already a subject of debate.

This was in 1819. We are going to see that three years later, in May, 1822, the government of Brazil tried to carry out the program of Pinto Guedes.

In the instructions given to the consul and political agent of Brazil at Buenos Aires, Manoel Antonio Corrêa da Camara, the minister for foreign affairs of the prince regent at the time, José Bonifácio, made the following recommendations:

After you have constantly reminded them that the interests of the kingdom are identical with those of the other states of this hemisphere and that they should participate in our destinies, you will promise on behalf of his royal highness the solemn recognition of the political independence of those governments<sup>36</sup> and you will explain the priceless benefits that may result from their forming a confederation or offensive and defensive treaty with Brazil, in order that, with the other governments of Spanish America, they may bring to naught the crafty wiles of European politics.<sup>37</sup>

In the draft of the preliminary instructions given to the same Corrêa da Camara, the foreign minister said:

Since to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear, common sense, the reasonable dictates of

<sup>35</sup> “Parecer do almirante Rodrigo Pinto Guedes ao ministro Thomaz Antonio de Villanova Portugal, 1819.” *Arquivo do Ministerio da Relações Exteriores do Brasil: Rio da Prata.*

<sup>36</sup> Refers to Argentina, Paraguay and Chile.

<sup>37</sup> “Instruções do 30 de maio de 1822.” *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil.*



policy and the critical situation of America are all proclaiming and demonstrating that a defensive and offensive league of as many states as occupy this immense continent is necessary in order that each and every one of them may preserve intact its liberty and independence, sorely menaced by the repugnant pretensions of Europe.<sup>38</sup>

We have not been able to learn from the documents at hand whether Camara went so far as to sound the government of Buenos Aires itself; but it is probable, in view of the instructions received and so clearly expressed, that he did so. His official correspondence prior to 1823 does not, however, prove this supposition.

Only once did Camara consult the government at Rio de Janeiro regarding this subject. This was in a dispatch dated August, 1822, in which he tells of a visit he made to don Pedro Andrés García, brother to the minister for finance at Buenos Aires. The Brazilian envoy admitted that García met his reference to the formation of a league with unconcealed enthusiasm. He said:

García agreed with me that nothing less than a close and sincere union of all the American states could yield the force required by this part of the world to counteract the subversive schemes of Europe.<sup>39</sup>

This dispatch is of August, 1822. Two months earlier, José Bonifacio had declared to Rivadavia, the minister for foreign affairs at Buenos Aires, that the prince regent neither desired nor could adopt any other than the American system, since he was convinced that the interests of all the governments of America, of whatever nature they might be, should be considered homogeneous, all emanating from the same principle, that of "a just and firm animosity toward the imperialistic pretensions of Europe."<sup>40</sup>

Comparing these words of José Bonifacio, minister for foreign affairs of the prince, Dom Pedro, with those that Araujo Car-

neiro and Pinto Guedes wrote years before to the holder of the same portfolio under Dom João VI, we must reach the conclusion that they cherished the same enthusiasm for the ideas of the American policy as José Bonifacio.

Each of them openly advocated the need for a close union between all the states of this continent, as the only means to prevent the interference of Europe. Therefore Monroe, speaking in 1823 of the interposition of any European power, could not do otherwise than repeat what had been written in Brazil in 1818: "revolting pretensions of Europe" and "imperialistic pretensions of Europe."

Once more, in 1822, but in October, when Brazil had already declared her political independence, referring again to the question of reconquests, upon which Portugal now entered, as she had lost Brazil, José Bonifacio said to Buenos Aires:

I am informed from England that a secret treaty is in course of preparation between the kingdoms of Portugal and Spain, in which there is an article providing that the latter named power should undertake to help the former with twelve thousand men against the empire of Brazil. The French gazettes of the month of June also mention these agreements; and, although it is improbable that exhausted Spain, in her present condition, convulsed and even menaced by a foreign invasion, could further such a project, if it were to be contemplated, in spite of the very manifestly hostile views of the demagogical parties in Spain and Portugal, still, this information should not be disregarded, and you will take advantage of it speedily to convince the governments of the Plata of how pressing it is that they should hasten to treat with Brazil for a confederation, since, if Spain is indeed offering troops for transportation to America, there is no need to be a great politician to perceive that her real purpose is not to cooperate with Portugal against the empire of Brazil, but to try to make this a pretext for landing troops in one of the former Argentine colonies.<sup>41</sup>

Months afterward, James Monroe said to congress of the United States:

The American continents, by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be

<sup>38</sup> "Correspondencia de Antonio Manoel da Camara," 1822, in the *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil*.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*: Official note number 22 from Buenos Aires, August 10, 1822.

<sup>40</sup> *Arquivo do Ministerio das Relações Exteriores do Brasil*: Rio da Prata.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*: Official note of October 13, 1822.



considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

Did the president say anything new? No.

In Brazil, four years earlier, had already been written: Inasmuch as the greatest political paradox that can be imagined at present would be for any one to suppose that the vast continent of South America might still become a colony of Europe. . . .

So it is certain that when Monroe issued his famous doctrine, the tendency of the Brazilian policy was toward a close union between the American states, a union that would guarantee their complete independence.

An American policy is now once more the order of the day. A Pan American policy is again the fashion. We say *again*, because this policy has always, with rare exceptions, been the Brazilian policy, the traditional policy of the cabinet at Rio de Janeiro.

An illustrious and honorable member of the Brazilian parliament declared some days ago, citing several facts of international policy during the past century, that the American policy was inaugurated by the republic. "In this house and outside of it, even in official notes," said the deputy Bueno de Andrade, "the news has been spread abroad that our adherence to the policy outlined by Monroe was but the traditional conduct of Brazil."

No, Mr. President; this directive policy was not adopted in the time of the monarchy. It began to be so, openly and fearlessly, after the republican régime was established.<sup>42</sup>

As a good republican, the illustrious deputy wished to render to the republic glories which are not exclusively hers. The republic has followed an American policy, it is true, but it is none the less a fact that not only the empire, but also the kingdom of Brazil—governed by a European monarch, mark that—always worked,

not "for a policy outlined by Monroe," but for a much wider, a much more liberal and a much more thoroughly American policy than that referred to in the message of 1823.

We have seen that, long before this year, Brazil was already embracing a Pan American policy and endeavoring to implant it in America.

All honor, not to the republic, nor to the empire, nor to the kingdom, but to Brazil. To her belongs the glory of having inaugurated, before Monroe, the only policy that should exist on this continent: the policy of complete union between the American states, so that, intertwined, united one with the other, they may go forward victoriously and may show to Europe, to old Europe, that envy, petty rivalry, disloyalty and Machiavellian diplomacy have not, for the honor of America, crossed the sea that separates us.

The Pan American policy does not mean a selfish policy or a policy of exclusion in respect of Europe.

The Pan American policy is a policy of brotherhood, of complete union of views among peoples that have suffered together and grown up together.

We owe Europe too much respect and admiration to lose our interest in her welfare: not Europe as she is now—a Europe bathed in blood, a Europe weighed down with crimes—but a liberal Europe, a cultured Europe, an intelligent Europe.

Let us learn what Europe has to teach us. Let us bring to the New World the teachings which the old masters can give us. Roosevelt, the greatest American statesman of the age, said:

It is a proof of weakness in any people not to wish to learn in the school of another and not to desire and to know how to adapt this instruction to the new national conditions and render it profitable and fruitful. It behooves us of the New World to sit at the feet of the Gamaliels of the Old World, since, if there is in us what should be in us, we shall show that Paul, in turn, can teach as well as learn.

<sup>42</sup> *Diario Official*, year 56, number 150, page 726.



# THE CITY OF COPPER

## SMLTER IMPRESSIONS OF THE CERRO DE PASCO<sup>1</sup>

BY

JUAN BAUTISTA DE LAVALLE

Apart from its importance as a source of metal production, the great North American mining and railway enterprise that centers at Cerro de Pasco, Perú, has produced a profound impression, not only in that country, but throughout South America, as a social and educational experiment. Emphasis is laid in this article upon that aspect of the undertaking, while, at the same time, the author dwells upon the romance, the pathos and the humor of the situation.—THE EDITOR.

**A**FTER the poem of the sun that kisses the heads of golden grain, and of the water that flows clear and fruitful through the roomy valley of Jauja, comes the impression of the haze—gray and cold. After the pastoral sun, come the painful bleating of the sheep, the metallic and vibrant sound of the hammer, the incessant streaming of the incandescent copper. After the gentle plowing of the meek oxen, after the joy of the white belfries of the villages and hamlets, after the work of the mad, untiring machinery, and the dark chimneys tufted with dense, black smoke, very different from that other, which, thin light, issued from a cabin and rose straight toward the sky, amid the vast tranquillity of the valley:

*Un tire-bouchon de fumée,  
Tournant son mince filet bleu,  
De l'âme en ce bouge enfermée  
Porte des nouvelles à Dieu.<sup>2</sup>*

The sun, pale, sick, saddened by the

<sup>1</sup>The Cerro de Pasco Mining company, which owns the entire stock of the Cerro de Pasco Railway company, was incorporated in New Jersey, June 6, 1902, with a capital of \$10,000,000; it owns about 70,000 acres of lands in the Morococha and Yauli districts of Perú, and about 400 acres in the Cerro de Pasco district, including the smelter site and the extensive coal tracts that lie toward the north. Cerro de Pasco is 14,300 feet above sea level; the town has between 6,000 and 7,000 inhabitants; and the region is bleak, all food and supplies being taken up from considerable distances. The estimates of visible ore vary from 2,000,000 to 75,000,000 tons, which is, of course merely equivalent to saying that there is much ore in sight.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>"A corkscrew of smoke,  
Twisting its thin blue filament,  
From the soul inclosed in this hovel,  
Bears the news to God."—THE EDITOR.

continuous haze, illuminates at intervals a cold and monotonous landscape, with that monotony that smoke imparts to the gray stone of the houses of the village, and to the calamin, yesterday light and silvery, to-day blackened and ugly. As the ground is covered with coal and the sky with smoke, the only brightness shows in the ruddy furnaces, the melting copper and the clear eyes—of a celestial porcelain—of the women and blond children.

In this center of work may be seen the joy of effort; may be felt the arduous transformation of matter. Now it is the coal which, torn from the bowels of the earth rises in columns, black or blue, toward the heavens, always somber, always wearied of being clouded by the smoke; now it is the earthy mineral, greenish and reddish, which is converted into a rivulet of brilliant lava by the glow of the last splendors of the setting sun.

The offices rise like black and gloomy castles, haughty and independent, united only by the ultimate object of producing the greatest possible quantity of copper of the purest quality. At the highest and most broken point is the building of the coke washings, tall and sinister; through its towers pass the buckets that hoist the carefully washed coal. Innumerable screens sort the lumps of coal that arrive ceaselessly from the mine in long trains whose cars, dredging its depths, discharge tons of coal from moment to moment. The mill for the trituration of the ore produces a thundering noise: the crushing of rock which is broken to pieces and falls in cascades. Through the windows, blackened by the soot, are visible the fly-wheels



that whirl untiringly in the machinery house—now slowly and gravely, now wildly, regulating the movement of the pumps—and a network of swift belts, shiny from so much running. In the boilers that generate the steam the water bubbles noisily; the mouths of the furnaces open constantly, gluttonous for coal, and in their ruddy reflections the scene is enlivened by the play of lights and shadows in which faces stand out bronzed, and arms are naked and sweaty, evoking the scenes of Luis Graner, the colorist who has surprised the secrets of the effects of light, of those luminous contrasts that are repeated here in the glow of the vats of liquid copper, of the furnaces and of the seventy coke ovens whose hearths vomit red flames that lick the blackness of the chill night.

Of the two hotels, one is lead-colored, with the air of a prison; reddish and cheerful the other, with a white lower story and a colored railing; the former is called the Hotel de Ladrillo; the other, the Hotel de Piedra.<sup>3</sup> Both are comfortable, both are heated by steam from the boilers that impregnate the air with that peculiar odor that engines and the state-rooms of steamers have. The stairways are low and winding. Everything is varnished. At the entrance are lined up, in the bar-room, the rows of bottles, brilliant and tempting, with light and heavy wines. A blond and rotund Teuton is resting his elbows upon the counter. He is the lord of these domains and he wears eternally, as an unmistakable mark, certain green slippers, of a green truly emerald, which he uses thus alike in sunshine and in the white snow, on foot and on horseback: he is the *don Gil de las Calzas Verdes*<sup>4</sup> of the foundry. Upon long benches are stretched the laborers of the day, the smoke of whose pipes and cigars fills the space with bluish clouds. All this has the air of a Flemish interior, with the seal with which Taine portrayed it in his study upon the Low Countries.

<sup>3</sup>The Brick Hotel and the Stone Hotel.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Don Gil of the blue stockings: an allusion to the drama, *Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes*, of Tirso de Molina (Fray Gabriel Telles), and to its protagonist.—THE EDITOR.

Whatever of somberness the cottages of blackened stone have on the outside, they have of felicity and charm on the inside. Between the white curtains there shows, through the glass of the large windows, the face of a light-haired woman, with eyes of blue, filled with ideality and dreams, with a suggestion of the happiness of a pure and tranquil home.<sup>5</sup> Within, as in a conservatory, grow potted plants in their warm atmosphere; beyond, glows the fireplace over which hang pictures of absent parents and friends and scenes from the garden or home far away; upon the table and near a comfortable easy-chair of leather are the latest newspapers and some novels in English. It is the Saxon home, with its comfort and its pleasant quietude, the nest of fair heads, where spirit and body return to rest after the day's work. It is the incarnation of the full life—the life of toil, the life of the home—unalterable, identical, like the traditional, vigorous temperament of the race.

Contrast with this pure and delicate impression the strange and startling emotion produced by the foundry, which enchants and terrifies. Each of the mouths of the converters is a crater of burning lava that trembles and bubbles, exhaling with a ferocious breath flames of sulphur, fetid and infernal, producing a rain of molten metal that travels over the space blackened by the smoke and the years. High above, the gigantic and complicated cranes travel swiftly and agilely. From their electrical motors spring pale violet sparks: a very tempest, magnificent and startling, produced by man. Outside, the other, the immense one of nature, competes with this one: it lightens in green and blue, it thunders, roaring more than the pounding machinery; and to the fire of the ovens and to the red-hot metal, to this inferno of fire and smoke, is opposed a torrential, silvery rain that impotently smites the windows and beats upon the calamins.

The molten metal flows from the furnaces in cascades of fire that break into sparks, like those torrents of crystalline water that pour themselves out, churning into foam: the rain, light, fresh, delicious, the

<sup>5</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.



friend of man, the fertilizer of the grain; the metallic lava, ardent, fiery, devastating. As one sees the two, he thinks of the mysterious and fecund antithesis of the two elements in the alternatives of life, now gentle and humble, at their source, now tempestuous and overflowing in the rivers and the oceans. Now it is the fire that heats the home, a fire subject and submissive, chained to man; now volcanic and incendiary. The eternal and unsolvable contradiction of the infinite forces of the cosmos!

The immense cranes, with their tentacles of steel along which flows the herculean electric fluid, easily raise enormous scoops of boiling metal, elevate it, empty it, and again it is a cascade and a thread of fire. Amid this and the sulphurous smoke move like shadows the copper-workers, armed with great shovels and forks, now stirring the metal, now removing the pans, like a vision of the Christian hell, like a frightful scene from the *Divina Commedia*.

The cold air solidifies the metal, and that evolution of matter and the cosmos described by La Place and Spencer is repeated: liquid, fiery, at the beginning, it solidifies in layers; very thin and light at first, there is only a film of fire; thicker afterward, they take on dark, ruddy tones, and the cooling produces breaks and flaws. One dreams thus of past planetary transformations while beholding the metal solidify at the bottom of the crucibles.

In front of the forges the figures of the men grow: tall, brawny, with the faces of fighters, necks and arms bare, they wear their workmen's clothes, blue and with metal fastenings, with a noble fierceness. Their athletes' hands grasp the crushing hammer of iron. Plutonic heroes, they live serene, absorbed, amid the ceaseless thunder of the metallic vibrations produced by the blows of the sledges upon the anvils, the creaking of the cranes, the smoke of the forges, the whirling of the belts. I know not what secret pleasure they experience, molding, cutting and hammering out the red-hot iron.

In the chemical laboratories, the material is analyzed in all its components; it is weighed in scales that record one part in two hundred thousand, veritable jewels of

the goldsmith's art; it is decomposed by all methods to separate the metallic elements. The scoria are studied to see if anything is lost, to learn if there remain among the ashes vestiges of metal; and if so, to begin the process again, until the value of the ore be exhausted. In an atmosphere of alchemy, absorbed, with their heads resting on their hands, are the pensive and silent chemists, engaged in extracting the secrets of the ore: reducing them to liquids, investigating the percentage of copper in the blue solutions of nitric acid, amid the heat of the furnaces, the fumes of the acids, the masses of retorts, tubes and funnels of shining glass, the bottles that preserve the reagents, in which glow, now the emerald red of the bromine waters, now the blue green of the sulphids of copper.

Upon those heights, the atmosphere is not clear and transparent, pure and shining, but dense, oppressive, laden with clean, white mist in the mornings, black and opaque in the afternoons. It was snowing at night; the snow fell in light flakes of immaculate purity, and the ground was covered with the whitest of shrouds, which contrasted the somber darkness of the atmosphere and of the thick smoke that was ever making designs against the heavens.

In the upper and northern part of the works are the houses of the operators, lining two long streets. It is the workmen's quarter, silent and solitary during the day, crowded and noisy when the prolonged and strident whistle announces the desired hour of rest, and from the shops issue those upon whom truly rests the biblical curse: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." At the doors of their houses await them their women and children—the only ones who enliven the street while the fathers are in the shops—some blond and fair, products now of the crossing of races. The interior of the cottages is wholesome and well ventilated; some of them are of stone and some of brick; but all are equal, neither better nor worse than each other, in this republic of labor. Their smoking chimneys indicate the presence of fire and heat, that the meal is being prepared. In those homes slip away, amid



mist and smoke, the strong lives, simple, unobserved, of the workers in metal: there they live, there they love, there they die poor—those who for years saw the torrents of liquid and shining copper flow.

Night falls—a windy, freezing night. From each door gleam the reflections of the firelight. Supper is finished; the social hour of the family is short, in the world of labor. Some go to their nocturnal labors, others, very few, to school; the most of them give themselves to sleep, the sweet restorer of him who has truly worked. The chimneys cease to smoke, the lights go out, one by one, the doors close, and soon comes repose, the black stillness of the night in the laborers' quarter, the accomplishment of the universal rhythm of things and forces.

In this strange metropolis of labor, the machinery never stops: while some rest, others do the work. Unknown are those quiet nights among the fields, in which one experiences the kissing of the trees, the chirping of the crickets, the barking of the dogs at the shadows of the night. Here, work is an incessant and noisy vertigo; at night, as during the day, life continues beneath the light of electricity. The fly-wheels whirl with the same rapidity, the trains with coal and ore, always whistling, discharge their riches into the furnaces, and the metal continues to run, by light of day and amid the shadows of the night—more lurid and infernal during the latter—as if men sought soon to exhaust the very bowels of the planet. In the windows of the offices, is heard the sound of the typewriters; and thus, the men being renewed, ever continues the work of this world of such prodigious activity and effort.

When work assumes this character, it is imperturbable, laical: neither festivities nor pleasures disturb its realm. It was Holy Thursday, the day in which the multitudes lose themselves in the dark corners of the churches, in which religion is prostituted in the diversion of making the round of the holy stations. Here, the hammers continued to fall upon the iron reddened by the forge; the shops were filled with laborers; and from this center of effort there seemed to rise a sense of glory, strong

and edifying. The life of labor is complemented by the life of the spirit, by social life, by the life of solidarity and coöperation. The first step in educating and elevating the thought of the working class, said Jaurès, is to mingle the exercise of thought with the exercise of daily labor. It is not enough that one's trade, absorbing almost all his time, shall be a routine: it is necessary that the laborer have a constant understanding of the machinery he directs, of the work the accomplishment of which he assists, of the method he employs. This beautiful ideal has been translated into the creation of a night school, white and cheerful, well illuminated, which the workmen attend, to educate their minds in the truths of history, to learn languages and to complete their professions by the study of line drawing or from nature. The night school fills, among the generations of laborers who had not the good fortune to take advantage of the reform of our primary education, the gaps of the past, with its deficient teaching or its extremely limited results. It sheds a ray of the ideal—aristocratic, warm and luminous—upon the workman's soul, giving him a clear idea of life and of work; it causes him to relate his effort with the whole of human effort, and the effort of humanity with the whole of the universal movement, until he achieves a clear notion of the sentiment of beauty.

Social life, which is the life of sympathetic relation, the source of pure joys and of relief from work, is here developed in the cultured atmosphere of a handsome and sheltered social club, much frequented and greatly enlivened by the life of association, wholesome and cheerful, like the Anglo-Saxon spirit. While the snow falls outside in foamy flakes, inside is heard the click of billiard balls—the elegant and aristocratic sound of the balls of ivory as they carom—and in the library, by the warmth of the stove, the members lightly pass the evenings while drinking in the lyric, tragic, humorous or novelesque ideal with the best that has been produced by Saxon thought through Kipling, Tennyson, Irving, Shakespeare, Mark Twain or Dickens.

The social problem is represented by certain practices of solidarity and mutuality introduced into the industrial struggle,

such as the new hygienic rooms constructed by the company for the laborers, and the coöperative hospital, to which all contribute a minimum of their monthly income and in which all have a quiet place in the hour of pain and suffering or of sickness and invalidism. The lot of the Indian laborers, yesterday independent tillers of the soil, to-day workers at the machines, and of the laborers, in general, is thus softened by these means; and the crises and sufferings that spring from these abrupt transitions are singularly mitigated.

Contemplating this work as a whole—prodigious, sublime, because it revolutionizes our view of things, and educative, because it incites and stimulates to activity our temperament, fashioned for a life of ease and languor by climate and customs—confidence in human effort—in the effort that has created this machinery which

achieves all that legend dreamed of, the work of gods and superhuman beings—awakens strong and expansive. The imagination reaches backward a few years and gazes upon the deserted and silent heights over which the Andine llamas wandered in solitude. Blessed be the peace, blessed be the work, which creates populations and builds cities, which, there in the cold puna, has caused to spring up those cyclopean works, the largest in South America, and which, in no distant future, will rival the largest of the earth: the Washoe and Boston of the American west! A temple of work, magnificent accomplishment of peace, which every youth ought to visit, in order to kindle in his soul those two ideals, in order to increase the needed confidence in the power of the exceptional effort of human thought and human will!





# OUR PROFESSORS OF IDEALISM IN AMERICA

## NOTES FOR A CRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE VALUES OF OUR INDO-SPANISH CULTURE

BY

JULIO R. BARCOS

The author contrasts men of letters, whom he conceives to be removed from the actual world and more interested in ideas than in people and events, with scientists and those whom he considers practical workers for human betterment; and in the process of comparison he analyzes the thought of some of the leading South American writers: Rodó, Rojas, Ingenieros, Lugones and García Calderón serving him as a basis of criticism, in respect of men of letters; and Alberdi, Sarmiento and Agustín Álvarez, as types of sensible, discerning, truth-telling and hard-hitting human benefactors. Owing to delay in receiving the part of this article that deals with Sarmiento and Álvarez, we are unable to publish it in its entirety, but we shall give the conclusion in the next English number.—THE EDITOR.

HOW WE SOUTH AMERICANS HAVE DELIVERED THE GOVERNMENT OF SOCIETY  
AND THE SCEPTER OF LITERATURE  
TO FALSE IDEALISTS

FOR this essay I desire to rob Paul de Saint Victor of the title of his beautiful work, *Les deux masques*, in order to symbolize by it the two opposite spiritual modalities that are the positive and negative poles of our intellectual culture in Spanish America. We who are thoughtful persons have one of these two mental prisms through which to see the events of life and to estimate the acts of our fellows: fiction or analysis, according as there predominates in our minds the lyrical faculty that draws us nearer to the poet, or the critical faculty that inclines us to the philosopher. Few are the intellectuals who unite the two faculties in an harmonious whole. It is only necessary to observe slightly the Olympic disdain with which the rimer of phrases and the contemplator of ideas are wont to regard each other. The two live in spiritual zones as distinct as if they were inhabitants of two different planets. There are consequently two classes of men in our intellectual world: men of fiction and men of reality. All those are men of fiction who spring from the romantic world of our South American intellectual culture, that is, all those individuals who behold human

affairs as a mere literary theme, and who only comprehend and live life in romance—the best way, in my opinion, not to comprehend or live it.

Men of reality, on the other hand, are those who issue from a more dynamic, true, intense and dramatic world than that which is created in prose and verse by the rhetorical imagination of our troubadours. Both types of intellectuals are propagators, in the circles to which they belong, of two opposite moralities; static morality and dynamic morality. The first are reflex beings who automatically collect ready-made ideas; they do not contribute anything new to the social capital accumulated by the previous generations; they reincarnate the beliefs that die, past ideals, that is, such as represent in our race the mental inheritance of the colonial period. The second are non-conformists in respect of present institutions, customs and moralities, because they consider themselves capable of carrying them to a much higher degree of perfection. They incarnate beliefs that are being born; they come from the immense theater of contemporary life, where is developed at present the most stupendous epopee of the ages, which involves the social and spiritual transformation of the modern world and which brings with it a definite transmutation of values. Behold then the obverse and the reverse of our Indo-Spanish culture, with its typical qualities:

first, the social Hispanic culture that serves as a moral foundation for our customs, beliefs and literary tastes, the genealogical tree of our endemic "romanticism;" and, second, the transforming influence of the universal conquests that is beginning to stir the soil in which are rooted those old beliefs: a living branch of the "intellectual realism" that has been initiated by the sway of the practical comprehension of life and common sense.

These opposite tendencies I shall attempt to present under the allegorical synthesis of "the two masks" in the present essay. The "romantic mask" is, in short, the atavistic Spanish mask grafted upon our lazy indigenous idiosyncrasy; and the "realistic mask" is, on the contrary, the current of renovating ideals that is economically and socially reforming the world about us, and against whose advance it is folly to attempt to set up dikes in these young republics that thirst for justice and crave freedom.

## II

### THE TWO AMERICAS

Consequently, according to the pair of eyeglasses through which we view the Spanish-American social spectacle, we may assert that there are two Americas: the one that is adorned like a drop-curtain with the brilliant gewgaws of the rhetoric of the man of letters; and the one that is painted for us with the colors of a crude realism by the sociologists and thinkers of our own race. The Americas! Contrast the one that is adorned like a curtain in the style of the florid and trumpeting Santos Chocano, for example, with *El continente enfermo* (The Sick Continent), of César Zumeta, or *Nuestra América* (Our America), of Carlos Octavio Bunge, or the *South America*, of Agustín Álvarez, or *El continente estúpido* (The Stupid Continent), as the señor Pío Baroja has permitted himself to call us. Which of these two Americas is the true one? To whom ought we to give heed: to the shoal of Apolloniads, Paniads, and Homeriads with which in sonorous verse or polished prose they flatter our vanity by telling us that we are good-looking, although we go about dirty and naked; or

to the men of science and conscience who teach us how to acquire a sense of the ridiculous, without which it is impossible to possess that of the sublime?

Which are the true heralds of the future of America? The ignorant poets who live in the clouds, or the thinkers, on fire with humanity, who daily elbow the realities of the earthly life? Any discerning person who analyzes a little will discover at once, contrary to the superstition of the vulgar, that the romantic has no ideals of any kind. He is a first cousin to the play-actor who weeps on the stage in order later to pamper himself in the restaurant. If it is not so, let us do some extracting. Of what do the romantics of our America sing? They sing, from mere dilettantism, the majesty of our savage nature, whither they have never gone, because the forest—intricate and filled with wild beasts, swamps, reptiles and terrible epidemics—defends itself, unaided, from the civilizing invasion of man; they sing the epopee of the Incas at war with the conquerors, a false retrogressive love for the primitive race of America, in which direction logic would carry us to the magnification of the troglodytes; they sing the glories of the war for independence, in the same legendary tone in which Homer might have sung of the famous war of Troy. They sing the dead things and ideals of yesterday, because of a natural incapacity to comprehend the living ideals of to-day.

At the same time, the others, spurred by a concern for the human affairs that form the social content of America, rend the veil of false idealism and military glamors, so inflated and monumentalized by the garrulity of every graphomaniac, sculptor or mediocre painter who has been produced by our fertile soil, to speak to us in the language of truth and reality, in order to show us our remediable calamities and our typical imbecilities. They present to us an America unsettled, misgoverned, half literate, with a rich soil and poor peoples, scourged by the plagues of nature and debased by the tyrannies of men, from the theocratic and the military to the capitalistic, charged with squeezing "the flesh that sweats gold" in our fertile fields, as well as in the factories and workshops.



Behold, for example, a concrete and common illustration of how the false idealist qualifies as the virtue of patriotism the odious vice of lying. National poverty must not be made public, because dirty linen ought to be washed at home. It is not patriotic to discredit the patria abroad. Patriotism counsels hiding our social vices. Thus speaks the romantic nationalist, from Buenos Aires to México. According to the romantic, patriotism is the cover to the garbage jar that every country has behind the door. Let us see how diametrically opposed is the morality of an intellectual realist. Don Agustín Álvarez said:

It is true that the public denunciation of our national vices and calamities somewhat lowers our standing abroad, but what kind of person would he be who, for shame of filth, would never change his shirt?

To change one's shirt means to throw into the waste-basket cast-off articles, the routine and provincial methods of life that impoverish, brutalize and debase our unhappy creole populations, in order to adopt the political, economic, educational and ethical systems that constitute the art of transforming half-idle and semi-barbarous territories into rich, happy, cultivated and advanced countries.

### III

#### THE ROMANTIC MASK, OR A HUNDRED YEARS OF EMPHATIC LITERATURE

The romantic mask of our intellectual culture embraces almost all the first century of American independence. It includes therefore all or almost all the poetry of our twenty republics; all or almost all our creole literature, beginning, in the case of the novel, with Jorge Isaac's *María* and José Mármol's *Amalia*, and ending with the press, the theater and the political platform; almost all our education, beginning with first letters and ending with the bachelor's degree or the university career: manufactories of "parasites," "scribes" and "mandarins," respectively; all our worldly customs, based upon the habit of luxury without the habit of work, upon the worship of appearance and not upon that of true virtue; and all our ideas, in short, of social morality, beginning with the venera-

tion of the dead and respect for ancestors, and concluding with the sacred institution of private property, and the medieval code of gentlemanly honor. This is the same as saying, all the inheritance of the Spain of Felipe II and the Spain of the Bourbons, an inheritance augmented, varnished and corrected by the fund of kindred ideas and prejudices that the European literature of the same romantic and bourgeois character brought in its current.

### IV

#### LIBERATORS, POETS AND GENTLEMEN

The curious yet perfectly logical fact is that our liberators, who dreamed of de-Hispanicizing these new republics by making them free and independent, were Hispanicized, as was natural, in blood and in spirit, from their head to their feet. They did nothing more with the sword or the word than to plagiarize the look and phrase—solemn, theatrical, hidalgoed and rhetorical—of the epic personages of the knightly and conquering Spain. The *Cid Campeador*,<sup>1</sup> Pelayo, Gonzalo de Córdoba, etc. They and our intellectual mentors have therefore molded to their taste, not only the political codes of these republics, but they have consolidated also the conservative beliefs of these societies. To clinch the nail: for a hundred years the poets of these lands have known how to sing of nothing but the martial prowess of those men, belittling the ideals of independence and exalting the personality of the founders, who, by the work and grace of the *esprit moutonnier* of our cultured classes, the only ones responsible for the collective imbecility, changed from liberators into tyrants. They, the poets, have fostered, along with the spirit of preëminence in our public men, partisan leadership and the "gauchocracy" from which some of the republics have not yet been able to redeem themselves. Hence the penetrating and correct observation of Agustín Álvarez, when he said, in his diagnosis of us, that

the South American disease, par excellence, in-

<sup>1</sup>Combatant, warrior: a surname applied especially to the Cid (Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar.—THE EDITOR.

vades even youth at school,<sup>2</sup> and at times the epidemic takes possession of the barracks, and, from a soldier of medium caliber generates a dictator or great citizen.

It is because a poet is not accustomed to perceive, at first sight, the difference that exists between a hero and a bandit. In the same superlative tone in which a hymn is indited to Bolívar, he writes a eulogy of Solano López or Cipriano Castro. A case in point is offered us by Rufino Blanco-Fombona in these phrases of tinsel:

In America, the absence of intellectual personality is wont to be associated with an energetic and astounding political personality. . . . Almost never did the *I*, not only unsubmitive, but dominant, absorbing, expansive, issue with such vigor and magnificence as in the "caudillesque"<sup>3</sup> America.

Further on, praising the tyrants, who are nearer to the anthropoid than to man, he declaims:

What muscular and beautiful human specimens of energy, some of them!

He holds that Solano López was like Simón Bolívar. What Blanco-Fombona reverences, however, like every theatrical gentleman of the cloak and sword, or what is the same, like every "dandy" of our creole stock, is the arrogance of the brute force which he sets above the strong man's strength of mind. No popinjay is capable of discerning that the irritable courage of the barbarian is a thing sufficiently common, and that a wholly exceptional thing is the serenity of spirit of the civilized man who places himself daringly in the torrent of events, giving the whole of himself to the cause of an idea. What an abyss of difference is there between the sanguinary leaders of our romantic race and an Abraham Lincoln of that other realistic race of the north. The "bad gaucho," among us,

<sup>2</sup>Without doubt, the author alludes to the groups of students who, in Buenos Aires, have offered themselves to the police on different occasions to suppress the strikes of laborers, or to go into the streets to assault *gringos* or kill anarchists "out of pure patriotism."—Note of *Cuasimodo*.

The epithet *gringos*, as used in the above note, has already been explained in these pages, as being applied in middle America to the people of the United States and of northern Europe.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>After the Spanish *caudillesca*, an adjective derived from *caudillo*, a partisan leader.—THE EDITOR.

is only to be explained by our great collective moral cowardice. We are too cowardly to do away with the bandits that usurp power, as we are incapable of terminating the plagues that make our soil uninhabitable. Only in the land of the stupid is the "popinjay" a king.

The phrase of Alberdi,

next to the liberators, the poets are the most dangerous enemies of liberty in South America

is therefore not a literary paradox.

Well then, it should be understood that for a century these false idealists, wrapped in the romantic style, have had the use of speech, of the government, of society and of the scepter of literature in Hispano America. They found a world ready made, and their mission has been to reverence it servilely, thus perpetuating the prejudices and castes of the colonial period. We can not deny that, thanks to such educative elements, we are still spiritually molded after the image and likeness of our mother Spain. We have changed only the surface of our customs and beliefs, but, in reality, in the depths of our psychology, in every one of us Hispano-Americans, there is in embryo a soldier, a monk and a rascal, a remote inheritance of the Pizarros, Loyolas and Gil Blases, who, in emigrating to these shores, grafted either their blood or their souls upon the aboriginal stock of our America. In truth, if we do but slightly lift the skin of our double moral personality, we discover that we call ourselves republicans and venerate monarchy, from which we have excluded the king, but we preserve the royal pomp and the enormous bureaucratic scaffold of the epoch of the viceroys. We are liberals at the club and ultramontanes at home; we are gentlemen in form, "idealists" in words, and opportunist Philistines at bottom during the twenty-four hours of the day.

How many haughty gentlemen, how many great patriots, abound in all these republics of the knightly Castilian stock! Yet, in spite of all this, we do not secure, except by a fluke, men who honorably administer the public affairs, magistrates of justice who do not prevaricate, *hidalgos* and gentlemen who do not traffic with their public conscience, very idealistic



intellectuals who do not sell their pens for a mess of pottage, or very fervent apostles who do not sell Jesus Christ for the thirty pieces of Judas.

We have had enough of the camouflage of knighthood, for there is now not a rascal in these lands who does not wear the harness of a knight. Even don Quijote in this America, according to Alberdi, without ceasing to be always the same fool, has turned into a knavish fool and a speculator. We have a superfluity of haughty and punctilious gentlemen who speak to us in verse and poetic prose, and we are lacking in true men, genuine men, who move upon the vast and multiple stage of real life and awaken the soul of these torpid peoples to the naked and terrible truth of their immense vital problems. How many are the great, noble and strong things that remain to be done in America! I shall be told that we have highly cultivated men, artistic writers, eminent poets and brilliant politicians, even philosophers, sages and sociologists. We have, yes, as a luminous nucleus surrounded by an immense opaque body formed by our masses—hungry, barefoot, filthy and illiterate pariahs. This is the general rule in America. What influence have these, the intellectually élite, exerted upon the fate of the community? As directive elements of society, what have they done to place our culture upon a level with that of civilized peoples?

What ideals have those refined men of America for half-civilized America? If talent be the gift of the gods, what use have our intellectuals made of it? In a word, with what dignity does each of our princes of the intellect play his part in life?

Let us lend an attentive ear, not to the beautiful, sonorous and hollow phrase that governs the world of fools and ignoramuses, but to substantial ideas, to the preachments of love, truth, liberty, wisdom and duty, which each of them brings as a precious gift to his contemporaries. Let us learn who the men are that have enriched our spiritual inheritance; what ideas of renewal they have contributed; what unknown routes they have discovered; what new intellectual values they bequeath to the generations that are to come; in a word, what treasures of truth or illusion they

have shed in their passage through the world. Let us bring proper nouns into the discussion.

## V

### JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ, THE APOSTLE OF GRECO-LATINISM

A profound and diaphanous, serene and harmonious spirit, Rodó was one of the best fruits of the tree of the race, one of the masters of greatest equanimity and one of those most loved by the intellectual youth of America. I do not hesitate to call him our Hispano-American Renan. He, like the eminent Frenchman whom he rivaled, could exclaim at the end of the journey:

I have chiseled my life like a work of art: I love it; I shall break it like a wine-glass.

Yet, although Rodó were as great as Jesus Christ, our devotion and affection for the illustrious master may not be unconditional, nor ought reverence for his ideas to be absolute. Rodó was a fine professor of idealism, with his beautiful and wholesome essays upon ethics and esthetics, as if he had set himself the task of ennobling us spiritually by exalting the generous sense of life. He formulated in five words the wisest aphorism of the period, *to reform is to live*, equally applicable to the self-improvement of the individual and to the collective improvement of society: routine or renewal, death or life, there is no other dilemma. It is what Gorki meant to say to us when he wrote that there are only two ways to consume life: to burn it up or let it rot.

At the same time, however, that Rodó was propagating this beautiful philosophy, it must be admitted that he sowed the false idealism of barren results that we already romantically professed in America. Rodó suspended himself, in his writings, from two romantic fictions.

He spoke to us, first, of "awakening the sentiment of race" and, second, of "awakening the idealistic sentiment of life among the intellectuals of the continent." The first was pure literary Platonism, very appropriate for the wolves without a mite of human sentiment, who go to the theater and the motion-picture show to weep with their fictitious personages, while they

devour the palpitating vitals of the true protagonist of our daily social drama, in which the individuals generally play one of two parts: the part of the wolf or that of the lamb, that is, of the executioner or of the victim. Our poor "American" race is, as we all know, in the depths: hunger, anaemia, syphilis, alcohol, tuberculosis, are the hydra of a hundred heads that is devouring its best energies without this fact concerning or troubling, in the least, the consciences of any of our literary "racists," including the great Rodó. Referring to the statistics of Venezuela, I have made to the students of Caracas the tremendous revelation, with the testimony of official figures, that in that country died more children of from one to ten years of age than persons of all other ages. The same thing must be taking place in half of these republics! There is no such race, as is seen; what there is, is a subrace that will no longer produce supermen, or even men, but submen, at the rate we are going. Let us cease to lie to ourselves, and let us open our eyes wide, and our hearts a little, in order to behold the reality in all its crudity. The creole race has changed into a race of servilism and sexual ancestralism. From it spring simian tyrants and ruffianly courtiers, as a poisonous floescence. We do have, yes, indeed, the enormous problem of the reconstruction of the race in America, and this is not an affair of men of letters; it belongs to medicine, hygiene, education, economics: it is a question of bread, water and soap, schools and justice for the poor. Race prejudice is unworthy of thought of the spiritual height of Rodó's. To uphold and to propagate the idea of the superiority of the Latin-American over the Anglo-American is to fall into theories like those of Gobineau, sent to be pigeonholed by anthropological science. It is to foster between South Americans and the North Americans the same kind of grotesque and silly vanity as that which Gobineau would foster between the men of long cranium and the men of round cranium. Rodó, an esthete, could not comprehend the intrinsic values of the Saxon character and spirit, and without historico-comparative foundations, he exaggerated, like every man of letters, the gifts of the Greco-

Latin race. His love for ancient Greece, which he calls with unequaled grace "the smile of history," and his temperament of a static intellectual, without falling into the Olympianism of our insignificant megalomaniacs, prevented him from comprehending that our century is infinitely greater than that of Pericles and the Renaissance put together; because there never was in history a spiritual agitation more profound, more rich, more universal, than that which fevers the soul of the present generation. His spiritualistic idealism, deceived by racial prejudices, runs counter to the materialistic ideal of the Yankee. In *Ariel* he declaims against the mercantilistic influences of the Saxon of the north. We—as is natural—are Ariel, the *verbum* of the idealists; they are Caliban, the dark genius of the instincts. We, the beautiful sons of Apollo, are the "idealists;" they, the ugly sons of Mercury, the "Philistines." This is the truth in literature. In the world of facts, it is different: we are the Philistines, and the true idealists are the Americans of the north. If action is the touchstone of all values, the power of realizing ideals ought to be, in true logic, the intrinsic virtue of real idealism.

Well and good; what ideals do we profess? How far do we strive to achieve them? Uncle Sam is not a tufted romancer; all theatrical appearance and all parade of words are repugnant to his kindly and optimistic nature. For him, poetry is another name for action, and his virtue is his unbending will wrought in the forge of assiduous labor. Traveling through the United States, everywhere, we South Americans encounter the tangible, the irrefutable, lesson of endeavor. The optimism of that nation is in action. Inertia, routine, are typically ours, just as activity, innovation, are essentially characteristic of the Yankee. Upon what rests the enormous economic and moral potentiality which the United States has shown herself to possess? Upon the fact that all is dynamic in her social existence: education, religion, politics, art, industry and science. What South American of fortune freely opens his full purse to found schools, among us, who love our race so much and so much exalt culture? Who make pious contribu-



tion of their wealth sanify the unwholesome regions that decimate our beloved race or cause it to degenerate?

Do you know how much the sons of Caliban spend upon public instruction? A billion dollars. Do you know how much these twenty republics, daughters of Ariels, united, spend for the same purpose? Barely the twentieth part of the same sum. Here you have the secret of why the Yankee people wear the ten-league boots in their progress, and why the peoples of our "glorious race" advance at the pace of a tortoise.<sup>3</sup>

The pride of chivalrous gentlemen and polished conversationists does not sit well upon us when we need to have the children of Caliban come to wash our faces, sanify our habitations and make us clean in order that we may have better health. What else than this signifies the attitude of the Rockefeller Institute, voting a hundred million dollars to send technical expeditions commissioned to drain the malarial regions of South America? Rodó forgot, among other things, that our race has not yet produced an Emerson, a Poe, a Walt Whitman, an Edison, a Lincoln. He forgot that in that country of traders the only privileged beings are women and children, which does not happen with our romantic race of gentlemen and troubadours. Those who have let themselves be influenced by these same prejudices forget, in turn, that those formidable utilitarian idealists, who call action poetry, not rhetorical verbalism, in contrast with our parasitic idealists, have traced the interoceanic canal that unites by direct routes the countries of both hemispheres, an object-lesson in energy that we South Americans ought always to bear in mind, in order to emulate it in practical talent and enterprising audacity. No; the moral and material progress of peoples is not a question of race: it is a question of men thoroughly educated for life. The thought of a don

Agustín Álvarez seems to me much deeper and wiser than that of a Rodó in this respect. I make his words completely mine:

A race does not better itself by its ethnlcal transformation, but by its mental transformation.

As to Rodó's second fiction, regarding the awakening of the idealistic sense of life among the intellectuals of America: along with what goes before, I make this affirmation: Spanish America has, so far, no ideals. It is a stereotype of the nineteenth century, face to face with the mature civilization of a more advanced century. If we had ideals, we should have in great number men of the mental stature that Europe produces. If we had ideals, we should have a homeogeneous civilization typically South American, as the United States has a civilization typically Yankee. We should have a history, because we should be occupied in "making" history and not in "commenting upon it," boasting vainly of what our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers did. If we had an idealistic sense of life, we should not drive our claws and teeth into the neck of the Messiahs who bring us a new creed; we should not combat, with persecution, prison and exile, the one who professes, not the ideas of yesterday or of the day before yesterday, but the ideas of to-day, to-morrow and the day after to-morrow. Let us not confound, in Heaven's name, Philistines disguised as romantics with true idealists.

Our South American idealists go to bed with don Quijote under the pillow, it is true; but it is also true that they rise with Gil Blas, in order to manage public and private business next day.

## VI

### RICARDO ROJAS, THE PONTIFF OF NATIONALISM

Rojas is, unquestionably, one of the literary talents that exhibit the most marked personal traits in the literature of my country. He has the merit of his pride and ambition: he is an Indian. He aspires to be a Caesar in our intellectual democracy, a leader of Argentinism. He does not cultivate the hypocritical virtue of modesty, and he himself lets it be under-

<sup>3</sup>I am neither a lover nor yet a hater of the Yankees, for I have seen that Yankeeland is the spectacular country of great contrasts, in that the sublime things compete with brutal things, that the statue of liberty, for example, shakes hands with lynch-law; but, in spite of all this, it is there and not in the America of the Cid that we encounter the definite psychology of a masculine people that has action and not contemplation for its gospel.—Author's note.

stood very clearly that he wishes to be chief. Laborious, obstinate and romantic, after the manner of José Mármol, he tries to revive with his pen of a man of letters the heroic age of our national history. He is the little Homer of our pallid gaucho Iliad, and he desires that we follow the voice of the founders and masters of South American democracy. He is a chauvinistic nationalist in political doctrine and an epic poet in literature. What does the señor Rojas wish? He desires that the veneration of heroes, the clay of the past, shall be the basis of our national culture; that Argentine education, literature and philosophy shall find inspiration in our soil only, in our history alone. The patriotic romanticism of the señor Rojas is not new. It is just the one thing we Spanish-Americans have made use of in order to seat ourselves proudly beneath the shadow of the laurels of our forefathers, inasmuch as we have in our own lives no noble, bizarre or great deeds in which to glory. As a dogma of culture, it is very provincial, besides being very anachronistic. If a people is like a man that has no universal ideas, it is because it has not yet shaken off its villagery. The señor Rojas not only has invented nothing, but he exaggerates the facts and falsifies the history of Argentina in attempting to build a great monument out of a handful of military glories. This is very much to the point in cultivating in the fertile field of our own fanfaronade—the cheapest and the most intangible of prides—national pride. In true logic, following the course of the “restorationistic” ideas of the señor Rojas, we should not occupy ourselves with the founders of independence, but with the “restoration” of the Indian traditions, any way, as Ingenieros, his rival in nationalism upon a different philosophical plane, might very well object. Indeed, if the indigenous is the autochthonous in America, this would be “ours” in very truth.

It is not that I am insensible to the efforts put forth by our forefathers to make us free. Great and beautiful, without doubt, is the historical panorama of a people that awakens from servitude and wills to be independent. However, it is necessary to confess, even at the expense of

wounding the fetichism of heroes which prevails among us, that those leaders of yesterday can no longer serve as models, except as a very rare exception, for us Argentines of to-day. They were the legitimate sons of their period and we can not be adulterous sons of ours. In the presence of the gaucho epic of personal valor, or rather of “creole courage,” which has filled for us, even to-day, a parliament of “dandies” and the rest of the intellectual world of “do-littles,” we have the social epic of the liberative and humanistic democracies that summons to the warfare of thought all the new intelligence in which the greatest voices of the twentieth century have deeper resonance than those of the masters of the nineteenth century. The heroes of war go hand in hand with the barbarity of war, as the knights of the cloak and sword went hand in hand with the iniquities of feudalism. Militarism is the only relic of barbarism that the civilized world is disposed to bury for ever in constituting the proposed league of nations. If it had not done thus, such a league would have been a dangerous mechanism for the world. In other respects, everything carries us along to-day—art, science, industry, politics, commerce—toward the unity of mankind. What is the great lesson for the world of the recent war? That nationalism was a Utopia and that internationalism is the great reality. At any rate, the military era passed for America, as the age of miraculous saints passed for Europe. What would happen to our America, if it were governed by a San Martín, a Bolívar, a Belgrano, a Saint Thomas, a Saint Peter or a Saint Paul?—asked Alberdi of the nationalists of his period, thirty years ago. It is from to-day, it may be said, that we Argentines are forging for ourselves true intellectual traditions, which we never had with Sarmiento, Alberdi, Ameghino or Almafuerte.

Let us not be pedantic, for Heaven's sake, to the extreme of making the sensible persons who visit us smile; and let us not give grounds to any of those who return to Europe to say what some one has already said through the press; that is, that the Argentines have established a new course in the public schools, a course in patriotism.



## VII

## JOSÉ INGENIEROS, THE PONTIFF OF ARGENTINISM

I confess to a sincere admiration for and a very great personal sympathy with this thoughtful and wise Argentine thinker, one of the men, according to my opinion, who does most to honor the intellectuality of America. If Ingenieros, in spite of his talent and his wisdom, were an Olympian with the airs of a great señor, like so many in our countries, I should not give him my friendship or my respect. Few intellectuals have worked with so much ardor, so much of the democratic spirit of science, such care that our youth should be thoroughly indoctrinated, by means of his efforts for the spread of ideas as a publicist, as the publisher of the best works the country has produced, as a university professor and as a lecturer. None of this prevents our lending an ear to the utterance of his political philosophy. What does Ingenieros seek? He does not desire the nationalism of Ricardo Rojas. He sets up his intellectual tent opposite to Rojas's and he institutes a nationalism in competition with his rival's. It should be said at once that Ingenieros is a philosopher and a sociologist with much more mental ballast than his rival, who is simply a man of letters. Ingenieros aspires to give unity to the liberal culture of the country, not by basing it upon the veneration of military traditions, but upon the speculations of scientific philosophy and the rationalism of education. He stands upon the historic-social fact that the Spanish stock was conservative, ultramontane, and that the creole stock was liberal on the Río de la Plata. If our spiritual lineage is not conservative, but liberal, it is to be logically deduced that we Argentines have no reason to be retrogressive, and that we ought, indeed, to be progressive in our ideas. Upon this philosophical basis José Ingenieros has invented his dogma of Argentinism. He has written essays upon anthropological sociology to paint for us a "Euro-Argentine" race. All this, however, is rather the fruit of his fancy as a man of letters than of his experimental science. In a flight of ingenuous Argentinism, Doctor "Ingenieros" changed his

Italian surname, giving to its orthography a Spanish form and signing himself "Ingenieros," in order to be more in harmony with Argentinism. Is it possible that a man like this should lend himself to such mental fictions? His European origin and his Italian surname did not in the least discredit him. On the contrary, we Argentines ought to congratulate ourselves that, by the transfusion of European blood, we obtained individuals like him, Ameghino and Holmberg. Is it that by suppressing a letter of his surname Ingenieros should think that his "Argentinism" would become more authentic? I repeat that Ingenieros, biologist, psychologist and deterministic sociologist, has not created in this case a scientific theory, but a romantic postulate of nationalism, *sui generis*, which can only lead us to false conclusions and also to the flattering of provincial vanities, like that of supposing that we are made of clay different from and superior to that of the rest of the peoples of Spanish America. Ingenieros, hating militarism, and Rojas, exalting it, reach, by opposite roads, the same goal, which demonstrates that they are not antipodal at bottom, but only in form. I, being nearer to the philosophico-social ideas of Doctor Ingenieros, find, nevertheless, that Rojas is more true to his part as an epic poet when he feels our military epopee to be a Homeriad, than Ingenieros the biologist and the deterministic philosopher, bordering upon Bolshevism, hugging to himself a romantic ideal like this one of Argentinism that he has invented at the last moment.

## VIII

## LEOPOLDO LUGONES, PONTIFF OF HELLENISM

I do not know in all America a brain so powerful as that of Lugones. He is not simply a great literary talent; he is a complete thinker, with the bold and original traits of the artist. Lugones and Plato: we are not able to decide exactly what title best suits either of them, whether that of the poet or that of the philosopher. Lugones is not an introspective thinker who trenches upon the Maeterlinckian mysticism of Rodó. His is a plastic talent at the

service of a dynamic genius. Cataloguing the two within the Nietzschean classification, Rodó is Apollonian; Lugones, Dionysian. Such is the exuberance of the latter's psychical life that he does not lend himself, in the presence of the human problems of his times, to the Olympian part of an indifferent spectator. He describes the landscapes of the soul in admirable lyric verses, but he traces the panorama of the contemporary social life in energetic and magnificent prose, with unequaled critical acumen, both in the hurried work of journalism and in more scholarly production of the book. Rodó was a mental prism of marvelous precision that gathered up and presented in an Attic style the result of his readings, while performing prodigies of useless balancing in order to reconcile, in a sort of pragmatism, apparently irreconcilable sentiments and beliefs, such as the philosophy of paganism and that of Christianity.

The mental baggage of Lugones is richer and more complete than that of Rodó, and, in spite of the wealth of his intellectual culture, Lugones does not exhibit a reflexive talent, but a more creative, more fecund and more Protean one than the author of *Motivos de Proteo*. Nevertheless, Lugones, for lack of something, has fallen short of becoming the intellectual dictator of a continent, bearing in mind what Emerson said:

When God sends to our planet a thinker, tremble. 'All things are then in danger.

He lacks the great and beautiful moral equanimity that was Rodó's noble gift and that made of him, more than his idealistic word, an irreplaceable professor of ethics for the youth of America. Gifted with strong epicurean instincts, Lugones is capable of devoting himself in the fullness of his genius to any definitive ideal, in spite of the passional depth of his ardent temperament. He is another untenanted genius like Fradique Méndez, who delights to coquet with the gifts of his mind, as women do, with their personal graces and charms. He prefers, besides, the comfortable life of the bureaucrat to the agitated life of the anarchist preacher that he has within himself. He likes the revolution of

the age, but he is repelled by the proletarian multitudes. All this leads him to waste his time in the versatile dilettantisms of the encyclopedists by writing upon everything—politics, education, architecture, history, esthetics, philosophy, biology and mathematics—without mentioning his extensive and purely literary labors, whose sole object is to exhibit the vastness of his attainments.

Well then; let us now hold to the ear the central ideas that form the *leit-motiv* of this great Lugonian polyphony. What panacea does the great señor Lugones bring us? Also a panacea of the romantic man of letters! The señor Lugones wishes to "Hellenize" the cattle-raising peoples of the Plata! He considers our peril to be commerce and the worship of money, and that it is necessary to spiritualize our culture by the love of the beautiful, that is, by the cultivation of art. It must be confessed that prior to Lugones we were weary of hearing this same sonata of Hellenism from an infinity of despised men of letters; and, parodying him who had the frankness to confess that Dante bored him, the time has come to declare that Greece bores us.

Aside from art—and Greek art at that—does Lugones find no other instrument for the moral betterment of man? During the course of the ages that have intervened between the ancient Greeks and the social revolution of Russia, has not humanity discovered any other spring of self-perfection than ancient art? Lugones wears himself out, like Rodó, over a trivial fiction and a prejudice characteristic of the poetaster: the romantic fiction of a remote culture that does not exist—for the reason that it died with ancient Greece—and the vain prejudice that wealth is an evil. In both cases Lugones has not raised himself by a handbreadth above the mental level of our men of letters—ignorant of every other subject than literature—who believe it necessary to subject life to art, and not art to life, as they believe in that other commonplace, that the pursuit of wealth drives us to a materialism proper to shopkeepers. I could write a book, based upon personal observation, full of typical cases, taken from social life, and with many proper nouns,



to demonstrate to our false idealists that there is something worse, more baneful and corrosive in the Hispano-American societies than the "materialism of the shopkeepers;" and it is "the parasitism of the intellectuals." Parasitism is the heart of our social life in South America, just as mercantilism is the soul of civilization in North America. If by its fruits we judge the tree, let us see what are the fruits gathered there in the north and here in the south.

What has Latin America produced? Literary magpies, rhetoricians without soul, by droves. And Saxon America? Full men. In reality, the only crushing and iniquitous thing is want. Poverty is not a virtue and wealth is not a crime. The crime is banditism, that is, wealth accumulated by avaricious hands: the good of each and all is common property. Between the wealth that renders independent and the mendicancy that debases, which is preferable? Between the theoretical morality of the parasite or the utilitarian morality of the merchant, is not that of the latter the more honorable of the two? Between the false idealism of the rascals of Argentine politics, for example, who raise themselves by means of the saint and the alms of the "altars of the patria" before which they officiate, rhetorically speaking, of course, and that which devotes itself to fattening swine for commerce, the latter, as an agent, is preferable. Between our loafer with patent leather boots who detests work, and a journeyman bricklayer, the social consideration ought to be for the latter and not for the former, and on this account we should stimulate our youth to seek, without idiotic scruples, the way to independence by the road of fortune.

The ideal of these new peoples, I repeat, can not, and ought not to, take inspiration from the classic pantheons of history, but from the dynamic ideals of modern civilization. The ideal of Argentina, like that of the twenty republics where Spanish is spoken, ought not to be the villager's worship of the founders, according to Rojas, or the intellectual provincialism of Ingenieros, nor yet to "Hellenize," as Lugones desires, nor to "Yankeeize," "Germanize" or "Frenchify," as creole

philosophers of America seek to do, with the same right and with equal logic; but to "universalize" us, once for all, but putting us in tune by the great achievements of modern civilization. This is not the patriotism, either of a single people or a determine race: it is the total patriotism of humanity, which all the peoples of the earth have a right to utilize in direct proportion to their capacity to make practical use of its benefits.

## IX

### FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN, THE PARTISAN OF A TUTELARY ARISTOCRACY

After González Prada,<sup>4</sup> I do not know of another Peruvian writer who soars in mind so high over the heads of the South American intellectuals, by reason of his solid talent and his loftiness of views, as Francisco García Calderón. He is one of the intellectual young men of the continent who has been able to attract to his writings with much brilliancy the attention of all the cultured men of our race. He has no local passions or prejudices that cloud his vision regarding the subjects to which he devotes himself. He is a citizen of America who dedicates himself to "unifying" the social and political problems of this great family of peoples constituted under the republican system. He focuses with singular clarity, rather than with soporific erudition, the questions he discusses. Although I feel myself to be wholly opposed to the aristocratic prejudices of this illustrious writer, I do not hesitate to recommend to the youth of our countries the reading of his books, for two especial reasons: because they are serious works with motor ideas which stimulate us to think upon problems that interest us all; and because the author

<sup>4</sup>Manuel González Prada, a noted Peruvian man of letters and publicist, and, for a number of years until the time of his death the director of the Biblioteca Nacional, appeared publicly before the society of the capital upon the platform of the Ateneo de Lima, in 1886, and thereafter he was one of the national leaders of thought. He died toward the end of July, 1918. An illuminating account of him may be seen in Rufino Blanco-Fombona's *Grandes escritores de América*, Madrid, 1917, pages 267-334. His principal works are *Páginas libres* (Paris, 1894); *Horas de lucha* (Lima 1908); *La Biblioteca Nacional* (Lima, 1912); in verse *Minúsculas* (Lima, 1901) and *Exóticas* (Lima, 1911).

—THE EDITOR.

frequently brings us face to face with the social picture, more or less genuine, more or less romantic, of the continental life, "newsing" us, so to speak, regarding the good and the bad things of the family.

Having presented the man in these terms, let us examine now the doctrinal ideas that he offers us in his book.

García Calderón holds, in his beautiful work, *Creación del nuevo continente*,<sup>5</sup> that the function of democracy in America ought not to be confided to farmers and bankers, but to a tutelary aristocracy created by the universities. This is, at bottom—corrected and augmented—the same, the famous theory, of "the government of the best," invented and popularized by our intellectuals in livery, at the unconditional service of the dictatorial oligarchies which have governed America during her independence. All of us South Americans are still following the slogan of "the government of the best!" Hence there are in America so many intelligent peoples governed by men so evidently inferior to their political community; socially and intellectually we Hispano-Americans sprang from an oligarchy and we live in an oligarchy. Small groups of politicians are the sovereign lords of the life of each nation; family groups impose their rod upon beliefs and customs, and small groups of intellectuals are the mentors who teach us to regulate our pace to the beat of moribund ideas according to their own generation. How much should we have advanced by creating for ourselves to-day a "tutelary aristocracy" of "doctors?"<sup>6</sup> Also we have made the experiment and we have had verification of the failure. It is not a question of abandoning one caste in order to take up another. History tells us of the failure of all the privileged forms of government. The armed sacerdotal caste of the formidable power of superstition has had in its hands the government of society, and it has failed. This same government has passed to the caste of the warriors during the chivalric and mystical stage of the Middle

Ages, and it has failed. The all-powerful caste of modern plutocracy has had it, and it is bankrupt. We have given the whole government of society to one sex, while reducing the other to servitude, and we are also witnessing the moral failure of the world. To give it now to the university "doctors" is to repeat the experiment without having learned the lesson of history. The lesson of history is this: that privilege is what misgoverns, instead of governing, because it is injurious to the individual and collective dignity of men, who are thus reduced to the condition of inferior beings. Let us convince ourselves, once for all, that there is only one way to suppress servants, and that is by suppressing masters. This was promised to the world by democracy when it created its dogma of equality. This is what President Wilson is demanding, with singular audacity and evangelical eloquence, of the nations that have fought in this war to "make the world safe for democracy."

Let the partisans of the tutelary aristocracy of doctors hear the words of Mr. Wilson:

The great struggling unknown masses of the men who are at the base of everything are the dynamic force that is lifting the levels of society. A nation is as great, and only as great, as her rank and file.

So the first and chief need of this nation of ours to-day is to include in the partnership of government all those great bodies of unnamed men who are going to produce our future leaders and renew the future energies of America.

. . . We have had the wrong group,—no, I will not say the wrong group, but too small a group,—in control of the policies of the United States. The average man has not been consulted, and his heart had begun to sink for fear he never would be consulted again. . . . The great problem of government is to know what the average man is experiencing and is thinking about.

Isn't that the reason that we are proud of such stories as the story of Abraham Lincoln,—a man who rose out of the ranks and interpreted America better than any man has interpreted it who had risen out of the privileged classes or the educated classes of America?

. . . The average hopefulness, the average welfare, the average enterprise, the average initiative, of the United States are the only things that make it rich.

<sup>5</sup>The correct title is: *La creación de un continente*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>In most of the southern countries of America lawyers are graduated with the title of doctor.—THE EDITOR.



We are not rich because a few gentlemen direct our industry; we are rich because of our intelligence and our own industry. America does not consist of men who get their names into the newspapers; America does not consist politically of the men who set themselves up to be political leaders; she does not consist of the men who do most of her talking. . . . I have found audiences made up of the "common people" quicker to take a point, quicker to understand an argument, quicker to discern a tendency and to comprehend a principle, than many a college class that I have lectured to,—not because the college class lacked the intelligence, but because college boys are not in contact with the realities of life, while "common" citizens are in contact with the actual life of day by day; you do not have to explain to them what touches them to the quick.

The only way that government is kept pure is by keeping these channels open, so that nobody may deem himself so humble as not to constitute a part of the body politic, so that there will constantly be coming new blood into the veins of the body politic; so that no man is so obscure that he may not break the crust of any class he may belong to, may not spring up to higher levels and be counted among the leaders of the state. Anything that depresses, anything that makes the organization greater than the man, anything that blocks, discourages, dismays the humble man, is against all the principles of progress. When I see alliances formed, as they are now being formed, by successful men of business with successful organizers of politics, I know that something has been done that checks the vitality and progress of society. Such an alliance, made at the top, is an alliance made to depress the levels, to hold them where they are, if not to sink them; and therefore it is the constant business of good politics to break up such partnerships, to reestablish and reopen the connections between the great body of the people and the offices of government. . . . To-day, supremely, does it behoove this nation to remember that a people shall be saved by the power that sleeps in its own deep bosom, or by none; shall be renewed in hope, in conscience, in strength, by waters welling up from its own sweet, perennial springs. Not from above; not by patronage of its aristocrats. The flower does not bear the root, but the root the flower. Everything that blooms in beauty in the air of heaven draws its fairness, its vigor, from its roots. Nothing living can blossom into fruitage unless through nourishing stalks deep-planted in the common soil.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup>The New Freedom, 1913, excerpts from pages

What mandatory of Spanish America—I ask—has ever delivered to his people a Sermon on the Mount like this one that Woodrow Wilson uttered to the people of the United States? What a difference in value, in moral power and in historical significance between such a discourse, as simple as an evangel, of this "realistic leader," and the Napoleonic proclamation swollen and declamatory, rhetorical and empty, of nearly all the political leadership produced for us by this romantic America educated in the books of chivalry of Spanish literature!

## X

### THE TWO MASKS

The worst thing that can befall an intellectual is not to understand the world and the period in which he lives. In my former article<sup>8</sup> I have sketched with broad brush "the romantic mask" of our Hispano-American culture. In order not to hover in the ambiguous world of abstract speculations, I have cited the example of names of great reputation, such as those of Rodó, Rojas, Ingenieros, Lugones and García Calderón. I wish to do the same to-day in respect of the "realistic mask" by recalling not only what are the ideals already lived by the departed generations, but also what are the representative types of those ideals upon our continent. It is not the cheap pessimism of the discontented self-worshiper that moves my pen when I fashion a faithful picture of our poverty-stricken South American culture based upon a century of belated troubadouresque romanticism, after the style of the ancient Spanish theater invented by the classic author of *La vida es sueño* (Life Is a Dream).<sup>9</sup> If the rot of pessimism, which is the microbe of death, were eating into my brain, rather than write these lines for the public, I should prefer to cut off my right hand. Some day there will be houses

79-88, taken directly from the original English.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>This article was originally published serially in the July, August and September numbers of *Cuasimodo*. The third division of the serial began with section X, as above.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>By the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681).—THE EDITOR.

of detention for pessimists, as there are to-day for infectious diseases, because no one will have a right to give his neighbor either ailments of the body or diseases of the spirit. I do not write to be writing, because of idleness, to abate the tedium of a useless life, or to place myself upon the stage before the bored world of the men of letters, like the strutting tenor of the opera, which are usually the sole reasons for which ninety-nine per cent. of the South American graphomaniacs write. My pen is not decorative, but evangelical. To discredit the decorative literature, the decorative writers and the decorative talents that have contributed so much to stupefy the peoples of America is the pious mission that I impose upon myself in writing this series of critical essays, with a view to stimulating young people who possess the renovating ideas that I see springing up in all our republics, filled with confidence in themselves, free of complicity with the past, inexorable toward the codified iniquities and errors that were transmitted to us automatically, from fathers to sons for twenty generations, respectful of the supreme human liberties, while at the same time irreverent toward all that is ridiculous in the world, as being in decay and out of date. Every one who aspires to be a man, said Emerson, ought to be a non-conformist. Parodying a Spanish writer, I say that every one who has not *esprit moutonnier* ought to go through the world with one pocket filled with respect and another filled with lack of respect. I desire to bring face to face two generations that have understood life differently: that of the romantics, imbued with a silly sentimentalism, empty of humanity, skeptics who deny the religion of effort and believe firmly that man has come into the world to make phrases; and that of all those of us who believe, on the contrary, that life is beautiful or ugly, free or enslaved, fruitful or sterile, according to our moral capacity for self-improvement or self-deterioration, to make it better or worse. Because it must not be forgotten that human society begins with the individual, and that each one of us is this individual. When I accuse the intellectuals of America of not having ideals and of constituting an enormous negative force against

the social and spiritual evolution of the continent, I do not pronounce a heresy or bear false witness. In the full view of all the world is the shameful rôle they perform, as a general rule, in the public life of the intellectuals of our race. Instead of their being the "masters" of American democracy, they have been, almost invariably, the "servants" wearing the white aprons of the tyrants. The author dreams that the men of thought shall be in this young America those who may assume "virtually" the government of society. Therefore it is necessary to discredit the "Olympianism" of the megalomaniacs and to snatch the young and sound intelligences from the besotting "intellectual Buddhism" in which we have lived engulfed for a hundred years, like Chinamen with their opium. What original, strong and sympathetic personalities shall we see arise with the new era, every day, upon the stage of our retarded Spanish America, where there are so many great, noble and beautiful things to be done that are crying out to men of brains and energetic will to undertake them!

Everything remains to be done among us: all that has already been accomplished by the peoples who live the civilization of the twentieth century, while we go along on all-fours, still in the infancy of the nineteenth century. It is high time for us to come forth from the contemplative ecstasy of our soft and ideal life, more appropriate to oriental hetæras than to virile men, in order to pass over to the dynamic life, sound in body and spirits in all their potential forms: love, work, strife, creation and the constant irradiation of our personality. Enough, in Heaven's name, of literary magpies without soul and without a purpose in life who, along with malaria and uncinariasis, form a part of our American epidemics. We have already poetized long enough; it is time that we abandon the cerebral infantilism of ridiculous literary tournaments, which have made of every South American a Cræsus in verse and a beggar in ideas, in order to enter the formidable ideological tournament which affects the very heart of the social problems of our epoch; that abandon the brilliant rhetoricians for thinkers filled with opti-



mism, and the vainglorious thaumaturges of art for the sincere priests of life; that we redeem ourselves, in short, from the disease that killed Spain, wordiness, in order to enter the real, energetic, laborious and fruitful life, by mingling without cowardice in the torrent of the great human struggles that solicit us, that draw us, toward the heroically intellectual like a new *Marseillaise*. Welcome to America be all foreigners, even if we do not always share their doctrines; because they bring us at least a breath of intellectual realism that will cause us to throw aside the crutches of invalids sunken in a quagmire of trickeries and imbecilities typically ours, in order to advance rapidly toward the future, putting ourselves first on a level with Europe and surpassing her later, not in so-called "culture," which is what old men and old peoples treasure, but in the fervor of humanity, translated into human redemptions, that is, the victorious achievements of life: public hygiene, bread for the people, individual liberty, education, redeemed labor, joy for all, the abatement of plagues in the form either of microbes or of men, the suppression of the pariah by the suppression of the master.

When shall we be able to say: In America there are no pariahs, there are no tyrants, there is no division of classes, there is no war of religion, there are no illiterates, there are no industrial slaves, there are no deserted women or abandoned children, we shall be at the head of the world. A Utopia? No, señores romantics; that is the "realistic ideal" of the new democracy. Abandon, for a moment, the rôle of the peacock; for the drama of life is becoming very serious. Look out upon the world and observe a little how the red wave of Bolshevism is slowly invading all Europe. Do you believe that it will not reach us, because—as our mystified doctors say—Oh! in America there are not yet any social problems? Leave, for a while, the "classics" and the "modernists" on the back of your shelves and hasten to the library of the great modern thinkers who are impelling the world forward, if you do not wish to live bobbing up and down like a cork upon the pedantic sea of insignificance! Do you wish to know intimately the great and

wholesome masters of living of our race who, coming forth from abstract speculations, have taught us how to strengthen a bridge between Utopia and reality, for the constructive action of rejuvenating ideas.

I shall select only three complementary types for this purpose: Alberdi, the apostle of cosmopolitanism, against the nationalistic epopœism of the rhetorician, who represents, in the structural work of South American democracy, the "politico-economic criterion;" Sarmiento, the applier of civilizing methods for the transformation of a people of barbarous customs into a civilized nation, who represents the "pedagogico-social criterion;" and Agustín Álvarez, the merely "psychological criterion." I take, as an example, three Argentines, because what every South American knows best is in his own intellectual villa; and, above all, because each of these countries has in her neighbor a mirror in which to see herself.

## XI

### JUAN BAUTISTA ALBERDI, THE APOSTLE OF COSMOPOLITANISM

Alberdi was in South America when Spencer was in Europe, a harbinger of a temporary psychology based upon evolution and determinism; with the difference that Spencer was the choice fruit of the scientific culture of the old continent in the second half of the nineteenth century; and Alberdi, the premature and exotic fruit of our semi-barbarous America of the first half of the last century. If, during the long tyranny of Rosas, there had not existed in Argentina two men of opposite temperament, but equally illuminated and combative in the depth of their souls, engaged in finding a true democracy as soon as the tyranny should be overthrown, the conqueror of *Caseros*<sup>10</sup> would not have been found among the men of that period who could help him organize the republic in a politically stable manner; and the Argentines should still possibly be struggling in the mire of a military or a theocratic despotism, as is yet happening with other republics of the continent. The new

<sup>10</sup> See INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page note 3.—THE EDITOR.

to whom I refer were two emigrant refugees in Chile: the lawyer who had refused to receive the degree of doctor of laws from the hands, dyed in blood, of the great *mazorquero*;<sup>11</sup> and a school-master fled from prison, thus saving himself miraculously from being lynched in it, and upon whose walls he left inscribed this famous challenge to despots: Barbarians, ideas are not beheaded.

That lawyer was Juan Bautista Alberdi and that school-master was Domingo Faustino Sarmiento.

Alberdi, by the clarity of his genius, and Sarmiento, by the formidable intrepidity of his character, were men absolutely superior to the social scenario and the historical period in which it was their fate to spread the wings of their genius. Alberdi was a spectator, rather, of the political and social phenomena that developed before his eyes: he represented the lofty, critical criterion; while Sarmiento was, above everything else, an extraordinary combatant, fired with a civilizing spirit, ready to war with all his might against barbarism until he overthrew it. Alberdi was greater than Sarmiento as a critical genius. Sarmiento was greater than Alberdi as a dynamic genius. Alberdi was so far in advance of his times in his political ideas that even to-day they are unrealized, that is, they are the antithesis of the bourgeois and chauvinistic culture of his country.

The nickname of "anarchist," applied to him by conservative opinion more than once, will give an idea of the terror which was inspired, in a society molded by theologians and rhetoricians—as Argentine society was, up to fifty years ago—by the political and ethical realism of a man who,

in those former provinces of Spain, kept abreast of the philosophical theories of Spencer. As I propose to write, after these articles of a general character, several individual essays upon our professors of idealism in America, in order to dedicate them to the señor Pío Baroja, I wish to occupy myself now only with the doctrinal ideas, in broad syntheses, of the three complementary figures selected for this work—Sarmiento, Alberdi and Agustín Álvarez—in opposition to the romantic ideas of Rodó, Lugones, Ingenieros, Rojas and García Calderón, with whom I concerned myself earlier.

Alberdi gave to us Argentines the political framework of the nation when he set himself to write *Las bases*, the foundation of our present republican, representative and federal constitution; but he supplied us with something more instructive and efficacious with which to govern ourselves than the "written law," in which he had not much faith: he gave us the basic principle of what we ourselves and foreigners to-day call in South America: "the great Argentine progress!"

What was—as it continues to be—the ideal of these countries when they declared themselves free and independent? Just to lift themselves to a level of European civilization. What was and what continues to be the great exhausting enemy to our progress? The wilderness, in the first place (our republics are nothing but enormous wastes of idle lands, and poverty, as a result of a lack of population) Alberdi tells us. Wherein lay the remedy? In populating our soil with peoples from the civilized world?

To fuse races, to transplant living civilization by means of a current of immigration, is to create the civilization of new peoples. . . . Civilization, like light, causes the buds to burst forth.

Thus spoke Alberdi to the romantic creole statesmen of his period:

Without a large population, there is no development of culture; there is no considerable progress; all is mean and small.

Alberdi believed in immigration with a faith almost dogmatic. He affirmed: Every European who comes to our shores brings

<sup>11</sup>An adjective derived from *mazorca*, ear of corn, corn-cob: applied to the political society formed by the tyrant Rosas in Argentina, called *de la mazorca*, because, according to the general opinion the tyrant used the symbol of an ear of corn to indicate that, as the grains of it were closely pressed together, so should an intimate union exist between the members of the society. A different and fanciful explanation is derived from the mistaken spelling *más borca* (pronounced in Argentina the same as *mazorca*), which means more halter, more hanging, supposed to be the interpretation given the name by those whom Rosas persecuted. It is evident, however, that the latter derivation is incorrect, inasmuch as it is beyond doubt that Rosas applied the name *mazorca* to himself and his followers, and he would not have chosen a name which in itself would have been a reproach.—THE EDITOR.



us more civilization in his habits than many books of philosophy.

Of course, then as now, there were in Argentina natives jealous of the practical aptitudes that the foreign element possessed in a higher degree than they, and who with the grandiloquence of fiery patriotism sought the exclusion of the latter, painting them as a social peril because of the dissolving action of their political ideas and their religious beliefs. To them Alberdi replied with an argument of a thousand hundredweight:

If the Argentine is a tyrant, death to the Argentine; if the foreigner is a liberator, glory to the foreigner; the throne goes to ideas, not to persons.

Alberdi understood that these promised lands of America ought to be the freest and most hospitable of the world. To him was due the article of the constitution of my country by which it was established that

the Argentine territory is open to the men of the world who desire to inhabit it.

It is true that later our rulers, alarmed by the advance of anarchism, ran full tilt against the constitution of the nation like a frightened steer who dashes into the wire fencing; and they have dictated unconstitutional laws for the expulsion of foreign workmen who do not think with the government. Of course the medicine has only served to make the patriot worse. Already are our "statesmen" of the modern style becoming enlightened a little, fortunately, in what relates to the manner of facing social problems. To undertake to put out fires with petroleum was a sufficiently foolish proceeding. Official terrorism is as dangerous as popular terrorism: this has been demonstrated by the events of the last ten years. The political crime of May 1, 1909, in which the police dispersed with gunshots a meeting of laborers, leaving a number of dead and wounded in the central street of Buenos Aires, was answered by an anarchist's bomb, which a few months later ended the life of the chief of police, the author of the massacre.

The immigration for which Alberdi asked was

a spontaneous immigration, a great and genuine

immigration. . . . By the great, extensive and disinterested system, which has caused California to be born by a means of full liberty, privileges that shall make the stranger forget his own position as a foreigner by persuading him that he dwells in his own country, and by religious tolerance.

To call, to invite, races, and then to deny them the exercise of their worship is the same as not to call them except by ceremony, by the hypocrisy of liberalism.

Exactly the opposite has been done in South America.

Under an independent government has been continued the system of legislation for the Indies, which excluded the foreigner from the interior under the most rigid penalties. . . . Article XXVII of the *Recopilación Indiana* contains thirty-eight laws designed to close hermetically the interior of South America against the non-peninsular foreigner. The mildest of them was law number VII, which imposed the pain of death upon any one who should treat with foreigners. The ninth ordained the ridding of the earth of foreigners, in obedience to the commandment of the Catholic faith.

There are still certain republics that, in the sphere of social morality, permit themselves to be governed by this iniquitous system.

Alberdi has synthesized in five words his creed as a practical sociologist for the new continent: in America, governing is populating.

To what is due the general acceptance of this aphorism? To the experience of forty years had by the Argentine rulers who concerned themselves systematically with the fostering of European immigration. What have been its fruits up to the present? That our meager population of half a century ago has increased in arithmetical progression, and our national wealth has increased—thanks to this growth of population—in geometrical progression. It is true that our Indo-Iberian stock has not been kept pure—there are still nincompoops, that make a show of being sociologists, that lament it—and that we have gone on crossing more and more every day, to such a point that there remain very few semi-Indian types in the country, and there predominates, above all in the federal capital, the solid, tall, strong, Apollonian type, with the purest European complexion;

and this is the reason why our Argentine cosmopolis is the Hispano-American city that resembles in her social physiognomy the great cities of Europe. "Cosmopolitanism," and not the folderol of "ethnic purity" (which in South America would carry us back to the veneration of our indigenous great-grandfathers), is the miraculous source of progress for all the new peoples of the world.

Examples? Look at the United States, and tell me wherein lies the progress of the great republic of Lincoln: in the south, shy of the foreigner and of the ideals of renovation, or in the north, with its world city of New York, a sea whither flow all the racial currents, a Babel where are spoken all the languages for good and evil of contemporary civilization? Then turn your eyes upon Buenos Aires, the city of Spanish speech with the greatest population of both continents, the immense crucible in which is being fused for the future a new race and a new civilization, in which all that relates to the intense and dynamic European life is relatively familiar, from the refinements of art, the conquests of science, the development of industry, to the social phenomena of Bolshevism, which are the counterpoise of capitalistic prepotency in the present plutocratic democracies of the two hemispheres. To cross the breed, that is, to mix an inferior product with a higher, is to moderate bad qualities by the slow acquisition of good qualities. If a "cask of clean and clear water," to employ the simile of Alberdi himself, "is emptied into another of muddy water, the natural effect will be that the muddy water will become less muddy, and the clean water less clean." . . . "What happens in the case of these waters takes place with the peoples of the two worlds." . . . "Every emigrant from Europe who comes to America leaves here the impress of European civilization; but he receives, in turn, the stamp of the less civilized continent." All the chauvinistic folly that occurs to them may be vociferated by those who, forgetful of the foreign name and blood which they bear, protest in my country against the phantasmagorical dangers of cosmopolitanism. Cosmopolitanism, however, I cry aloud, is the only great

determinative reason for Argentine progress. The well-nigh three million "gringos," who, according to the last census, form a third part of our population, are, rather than our generations of doctors and creole politicians, including the bureaucrats and men of letters, who form the enormous parasitic class, those who promote the development of the material and moral wealth of the country; for they are the ones who virtually represent the creative or propulsive energies of Capital and Labor. All that we Argentines possess we owe to the foreigner who brought us civilization.

English and French capital constructed our principal railways, which are what has done more for the unity of the republic than all the congresses, as the great Alberdi predicted; Italian hands have broken and cultivated nearly two-thirds of the agricultural lands that form the fundamental wealth of the country and they have built almost wholly the Argentine cities; educators imported from France, England, the United States and Germany molded our schools of primary, secondary and university instruction; and, thanks, finally, to this current of intercontinental communication, it is a fact that we Argentines have succeeded in "Europeanizing ourselves in blood and spirit" in a higher degree than other peoples of the race, who continue still to be the slaves of provincial prejudice against the foreigner.

Alberdi aspired, besides, to lift us out of "Quixotism," thus redeeming us from some of our typical imbecilities, such as the worship of glory and of military heroes, the habit of luxury without the habit of work, the negative trade of politics, the creole disease of officialdom and other things of the sort that are among us positive factors for backwardness and impoverishment.

"Every age has its peculiar honor," he says; "let us understand the one that pertains to us." . . . "The period of the heroes has passed; we are to-day in the age of good sense." War is a crime everywhere, but much more so in this fallow South America, Alberdi held. "Peace is worth twice as much as victory." . . . "Victory will bring us laurels; but the laurel is a barren shrub in South America. A



sheaf of peace, which is gold, not in the language of the poet, but in the language of the economist, is worth more."

Alberdi did not put faith in the education of the soulless sophists and theorizers of the classicism predominant in our common schools and lyceums. "An important announcement to South American men," he wrote in his *Bases*: "Primary schools, lyceums, universities, are in themselves alone very poor means of progress, without the great enterprises of production, the offspring of great numbers of men." A prophecy that has been fulfilled.

His concern was to bring the peoples of the interior to the coast by means of boats and railways. "With what right do we keep in savagery the most beautiful part of our regions?" Ah, if the Argentine republic had only followed the counsels of Alberdi in the affair of education, thus exchanging our manufactories of parasites for the schools of manual training according to a reasonable and utilitarian system, how much farther from the point of departure would not the national civilization be found!

Behold, the wise admonition of Alberdi

to those who are willing to receive and apply it:

Commercial education, the teaching of the arts and crafts, the practical methods of tilling the soil and improving the breed of useful animals, a taste and a liking for the mechanical arts, ought to be the great object of the popular instruction of these societies that thirst for the frivolous and savage glory of killing men who hold contrary opinions, instead of the honor of conquering untamed nature and peopling the cities of the wilderness.

I must not continue with the realistic, prophetic and monumental ideas of Alberdi, because they would supply material for a book of many pages. I think it sufficient to place these explanations upon one side of the scales of criticism, while putting on the other the romantic ideas of the false idealists that I set forth in a previous article, in order to comprehend at once which are of greater density, weight and volume, whether the former or the latter. As I have already gone beyond what was desirable in this article, I leave for the completion of it, in the next number, the comparative analysis of the ideas of Sarmiento and Agustín Álvarez.

*(To be continued)*



# REFLECTIONS UPON THE BATTLE OF BOYACÁ

BY

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

Belated justice is being attempted, historically, politically, economically, throughout the earth. In the process, personages and movements that had long been neglected by the larger world are beginning to receive the attention which their importance merits. The America "that," according to Rubén Darío, "still prays to Jesus Christ and still speaks Spanish," is coming into her own, even in the thought and scrutiny of average people. More and more her great men, her great days and her great ideals and achievements will become known and properly esteemed. The author emphasizes the importance of a day, a battle, a movement and a hero.—THE EDITOR.

ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1792, was fought the battle of Valmy, between the troops of the convention, commanded by Dumouriez and Kellermann, and the army of invasion, led by the duke of Brunswick. It was a cannonade of a few hours, apparently of slight importance, on account of the limited number of effectives that took part in it, and the small number of the dead and wounded. Nevertheless, the illustrious poet Goethe, who had witnessed the action, uttered these words on the night that followed the combat, in the presence of some persons who were commenting upon the reverses suffered by the German army:

I think that at this place and commencing with this date a new epoch is beginning for the history of the world; and we can say: "I was there."

If a spectator, endowed with the clairvoyance of genius, which permitted Goethe to divine what the French generals themselves did not suspect, had witnessed, a century ago, the battle in which Bolívar imprisoned the Spanish army at Boyacá, after two hours of combat and with slight loss of men, he would have been able to say also: I think that to-day and upon this bridge begins a new epoch for the history of America; and those may consider themselves fortunate who can say with pride: "I also was there."

Because, in truth, Boyacá was one of those decisive events that must be appreciated, not only for what they are in themselves, but for what they represent as the first link of a series of glorious events

which go on developing systematically until they attain their coronation in a complete and definitive success. Prior to that action, Bolívar was a soldier who had fought with varied fortune, but whose portentous mission had not received the tribute of continental and irrevocable efficiency. He himself said, before the congress of Angostura, in his extreme language:

In the midst of this sea of anguish, I have been nothing more than a vile plaything of the revolutionary hurricane, which has swept me along like a frail straw. I have not been able to do either good or evil.

After Boyacá,<sup>1</sup> Bolívar was the Liberator, irreplaceable, unique. All the leaders of the revolution, from the perfect gentleman and warrior, Sucre, to the centaur of Apure, the brother of hurricanes,<sup>2</sup> paid him homage and took orders from him. Genius needs its hour of transfiguration, in order to recognize itself in the plenitude of its mission, and in order that other men, astonished and dazzled, may recognize also, upon the brow that gleams with a strange refulgence, the sign of the elect.

Boyacá, in the career of Bolívar, had

<sup>1</sup>August 7, 1819.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>We assume the author refers to José Antonio Páez (1790-1873), the famous Venezuelan cavalry officer and general, one of the notable leaders of the struggle for independence in the north; he became president of the republic in 1830, and in 1839, he again ascended to the presidency; in 1846, at the beginning of the struggle between the creoles and the people of color, he was granted dictatorial powers; upon the termination of the struggle, however, he was forced to take flight; he found refuge in New York, and he died here in 1873; he published his two-volume *Autobiografía del general José Antonio Páez* in New York, in 1869.—THE EDITOR.



somewhat of the fresh, early glory that Austerlitz shed upon that of Bonaparte. At the age in which most illustrious men begin to court glory, these two geniuses of war had reached the summit of immortality. Volcanic natures, they astonished the world with the eruption of their greatness, to enter speedily into everlasting repose. As there are periods in which humanity seems wearied with producing superior beings, and yields only mediocrities, more or less ostentatious, so there are moments in which it might be said that there comes from mysterious regions a superhuman pollen that fertilizes the earth and causes it to produce generations of colossi. This took place in France in the Napoleonic epoch; and it occurred also in South America in the war for independence. Among those beings, there were some who were destined by Heaven to be the suns of their planetary systems: they are those whom Carlyle called exclusively "the heroes;" they are the "representative men" of Emerson: those who, according to this original thinker, possessed the "over-soul;" those who performed deeds that simple mortals consider beyond the natural powers of men, as manifestations of a disequilibrium that sometimes generates genius and at others madness. It is because there is, in sublimity, something unachievable that subjugates us and at the same time makes us aware of our littleness.

Geniuses are not aliens among mankind; their acts do not transcend the capacity of our nature; they are great examples, magnificent and beautiful, of the offspring of Adam. Their intelligence and their will possess an initial potency so great that they enable them to accomplish enterprises that can not be conceived of by the multitude. Genius does not introduce an inharmony into nature; it attains, on the contrary, a higher harmony, which does not release it from the obligations that rest upon every man as a moral being. Let us leave it to mediocrity to judge of it as a clinical case, or to disregard it, from a personal sense of envy. He who is capable of entertaining a noble sentiment of admiration, let him do as the great Italian poet did regarding the destiny of Bonaparte: that is, incline his head before the

supreme Maker who willed to stamp upon the human clay so deep a mark of his own creative spirit.

If we compare Boyacá with feats of arms that occurred in similar wars, like the battle of Lexington, which had such an influence upon the independence of the United States, we shall better appreciate its significance as the final result of a strategic conception developed in the large; and we shall observe the difference between the fortunate soldier who wins an action by dint of his valor or of circumstances favorable to his troops, and the true military man who manages his armies as a player his pieces upon the chess-board and marshals nations as the other moves the diminutive figures of ivory. In the vast field of the wars for freedom, from Canada to Tierra del Fuego, there were only two men who had nations for their stage: Bolívar and San Martín. Posterity therefore does not view them as confined within the limited space of a province, or within the greater one of an ancient colony, but as set upon the summit of the Andes, a pedestal worthy of their glory.

San Martín, however, with all his greatness, did not possess Bolívar's irresistible fascination: he was a professional soldier, a man of calculation and discipline, severe, impassive, without in anything, either in his words or in his looks, revealing the inner fire hidden beneath the snow, somewhat like that which Marshal Von Moltke was, fifty years later, in the wars of Europe. Bolívar, like Bonaparte, was an epic hero; they are the illustrious artists of action; as Michelangelo and Shakespeare were, of marble and of the word. They are encircled by an aureola of poesy, like the paladins of the Middle Ages. Napoleon vied with Charlemagne, and his simple gray overcoat competed with the mantle of purple and ermine of the colossal old man of the florid beard. Bolívar not only stands related to Hernán Cortés and Vasco Núñez de Balboa, but also he rivaled the Cid, "he who in a good hour was born," but who incarnated, for the Castilians of the Middle Ages, the idea of independence, the proper longing to throw off the foreign yoke.

San Martín stands out in a serene en-

vironment, clearly historical, in which the severe lineaments of his figure are drawn with an august but purely human majesty. Bolívar appears always enveloped in an atmosphere of tempest, driving his fulmineous car, astounding the world with the splendors of his sword and the bolts of his eloquence. He had the inspiration of a seer; he contemplated America as Ezekiel contemplated the valley of dry bones, upon which he blew to cause generations of heroes to spring up. When he spoke, upon great occasions, his voice had, at times, the rumble of thunder. If he is sublime in apotheosis, he was perhaps more beautiful when sadness touched him with its mysterious finger and the man appeared beneath the habiliments of the demigod. Then he possessed the solitary and melancholy majesty of the firmament, when the sun has deserted it and the stars have not yet rejoiced it. He who had, in his celebrated letter from Kingston, after 1818, such admirable divinations; he who in his discourse before the congress of Augustura set forth such lofty ideas of government, ought to figure among the great thinkers of America; and he who immortalized his Tabor and his Calvary in two superlative pages—the delirium upon Chimborazo and the farewell to the Colombians, dictated upon his death-bed—occupies an eminent place among the writers of the continent. The exuberant rhetoric of his time, which, wielded by minds of another temper, would have produced garish effects, was hardly sufficient for the expression of his unbridled thoughts and his burning images. One of the most penetrating intellects of Colombia, Doctor Rafael Núñez, deemed Bolívar's correspondence to be the most important book of South America.

The present generation has just witnessed with dismay a war which, because of its dimensions, exceeds all that the world has contemplated, and in which have participated armies that in magnitude lend verisimilitude to the size of the army of Xerxes, which seemed fantastic to us. In the presence of this monstrous conflagration, the armies of a century ago—even the army that Napoleon led to Russia—were but small contingents; and the most deadly

battles were gentle encounters, compared with the losses which occurred in one of the innumerable assaults that took place in the trenches along the western front. Nevertheless, in those actions of other years, the fate of nations and empires was wont to be decided, and there was manifested, in all its splendor, the genius of a Frederick, a Bonaparte, a Wellington, a Bolívar, while, on the other hand, in the formidable contacts of the enormous masses of to-day, in which the cannonade made the earth literally tremble, the result of whole weeks of bloody strife could barely be marked by an imperceptible bending of the line of battle. The very conditions of the struggle exhibited the strength of collective organization rather than the action of a single man upon whose mind should depend the immediate and definite result. To Boyacá may be applied the ideas expressed regarding the action of Valmy by the learned historian of the wars of the revolution, Arthur Chuquet:

This action, in which there was such slight mortality, was not, properly speaking and merely in respect of the number of casualties, a battle, but an engagement. It had, however, greater results than those sanguinary actions which are no more than a useless butchery and which did not create an epoch in the existence of a nation.

As there have been battles that were famous in their time, but were immediately lost to fame and even to the memory of men, so also are there others destined to grow in the admiration of peoples and before the judgment of history, as the nation whose destiny they decided increases in greatness. Boyacá and other American battles will acquire their full significance during this century, in which the republics of the new continent, so much fought over during the preceding century, will occupy their position among the prosperous nations of the world. Then the European historians will take account of them as among the decisive battles for liberty.

Boyacá is still of first magnitude in the military career of Bolívar; but it is also an exalted glory for Nueva Granada, for the nation which, after the tragic downfall of Colombia, retained this name for herself in honor of Columbus and in memory of



Bolívar. The latter, in his letter from Kingston, already mentioned, had written:

Nueva Granada is, so to speak, the heart of America.

Upon this heart he called on solemn occasions; and he always obtained a disinterested, generous and magnanimous response. The fact that the campaign was waged upon the territory of Granada was not an accident; the ground was prepared. The towns were ready to welcome the liberative expedition and the contingents were soon organized by the most eminent of Bolívar's Granadan lieutenants, the same one who, according to the official dispatch, decided the battle; the one who gave to the Liberator the name of "man of laws," and who is worthy also of the epithet that was applied to the great Carnot, of "organizer of victory."

Antonio Nariño was the true and exclusively Granadan patriot, representative of the good qualities and also of the faults of this people; the precursor of independence and the man of such great faculties that, if he had lived under a kindly star, would perhaps have been the liberator of his country. However, his activity during the most fruitful years of the struggle being paralyzed, it fell to Santander to occupy the first place among the Granadans. He was not only a brave general, but one of the most cultivated soldiers of America and one whose iron character was capable of modeling a republic from the formless mass with age-long habits and new and tumultuous impulses. Fate bestowed upon him what it denied to Nariño: a felicitous period in which to develop his great capacity as an organizer and a statesman by governing a free and independent nation. He produced upon illustrious foreigners the impression of a superior man, born to command, and one who was leading a cultured nation, more inclined at the beginning to a civil and legalist government than to the establishment of a military power which, the heroic days being passed, was to degenerate into the rule of a more or less famous saber or a more or less criminal *machete*.

At Boyacá also left imperishable traces the sons of a great power which had been in

Europe the ally of Spain against Napoleon and in America sympathized with the colonies in their struggle against Spain.

In England, the name of Bolívar aroused admiration. Byron, in *Childe Harold*, exclaimed:

And Freedom find no champion and no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?<sup>2</sup>

The great poet gave to his pleasure boat the name of Bolívar; and he cherished a desire to come to fight at his side for the freedom of America.

In the British legion figured such heroes as Rook, whose attitude at his sad death was worthy to be commemorated in bronze; and men of the stature of O'Leary, who, after having been the faithful friend of the Liberator during life, dedicated to him a most beautiful monument in the incomparable collection of his *Memorias*. Some of those brave men united with Colombian families, and they have left an honorable line illustriously represented in Bogotá by the venerable daughter of O'Leary, a great lady who preserves beneath the snow of the years all the fire and sprightliness of youth, and to whom the patria ought to offer a crown woven of the iris of Colombia, in memory of her illustrious progenitor and in recognition of what she represents as an ornament to society and as a relic of the ages of glory.

Why should we not recall also the one who figured in the first line at Boyacá, not on the side of the independent cause, but, rather, fighting against it with daring, yet honoring with his courage as he fought, that of which Ercilla spoke:

For the conqueror is held in estimation only  
According to the reputation of the conquered.

Let us recall Spain, not to curse her, as our fathers did when they felt in their flesh

<sup>2</sup>*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto IV, stanza xcvi. —In the original of this article, "Columbia" is rendered by "Colombia," and the words are understood to refer to the South American republic. As Byron used the form "Columbia," however, and immediately afterward said:

"Deep in the unpruned forest 'midst the roar  
Of cataracts, while nursing Nature smiled  
On infant Washington. . . ."

it is fair to conclude that he used the term "Columbia" as the poetical name of the United States.—THE EDITOR.

the iron of the pacifier, but to observe that at Boyacá her power was seen to decline, and also that the only just cause for American rancor disappeared there. Let us remember Spain, in order to curse with her the bitter destiny that gave her, as the crown of her heroic resistance against Napoleon, the long reign of the hypocritical Fernando VII, one of the most hateful tyrants of history. Let us remember, in order to appease somewhat the angry shades of our martyrs, that the most illustrious blood, after flowing in America, was also shed in Spain; and that if Camilo Torres was shot in the back, Riego was drawn in a horse pannier through the streets and borne to an ignoble execution; and that Nariño languished in the prisons of Cádiz, Martínez de la Rosa was shut up in the Peñón de la Gómera; and that other illustrious Spaniards also groaned in the prisons of Africa.

To-day, when we contemplate that mournful period across the abyss of a century and we recall it only as a lesson that shows how useless force is against the logic of events and how barren violent repression is against the legitimate aspirations of peoples, we invoke Spain as the common mother, and we long for the formation of a spiritual league of all the states of our lineage in order that they may proclaim, in our beautiful language and with a voice that all the nations can hear, that the Spanish race is not dead and that more than ever it is resolved to fulfil the great duties assigned to it by nature and history.

Let us pay to the founders the homage our appreciation owes them, not in the form of an idolatrous worship, which should not be rendered to any creature, but, indeed, with the respect due to memories that are sacred to us. Enthusiastic writers have described the wars for independence as the struggle between angels and demons painted by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*. That is epic lyricism, but it is not history. Not on this account, however, do we desire to reduce the heroes to the mean proportions of our prosaic existence. The spectrum analysis has demonstrated that the stars that illuminate our night have the same constituent elements as our dull

globe: this does not prevent our continuing to contemplate with rapture the splendid refulgence of Sirius or our feeling overcome with religious admiration when we see unfold in the empyrean the magnificence of the Great Bear or we discern the symbolic Cross that presides over the southern hemisphere. We know that our forefathers were of our own nature; we recognize their shortcomings, their falls, their errors: of them history must take account. Let us contemplate them, however, in the depths of our patriotic sky; let us leave them to the enjoyment of their glory in their inaccessible refuge; and let us not desire them to descend thence to take part in our struggles of to-day, to soil their brows with the dust that we raise as we press the earth with our heavy feet.

Let us honor our fathers by devoting the new century to working in peace for the greatness of Colombia, that the nation which a century ago presented herself adorned with the trappings of Pallas may now symbolize the mother Cybele, who advances majestically, in her car drawn by lions, her head crowned with towers, and shedding prosperity and abundance about her.

The moment is propitious. When, three nights ago, as sounded the first hour of the centenary date, there burst upon plazas and streets the national hymn, sung by thousands of voices, and there fell upon the air the harmonious wave involving in its concentric circles the varied and intense feelings that palpitate in a multitude in moments of joyful exultation, it seemed to me there unfolded to the harmonies of a triumphal song a new and glorious era for the patria, one of splendid progress and peaceful happiness. I felt the burst of youthful energy among the people who demonstrated so beautifully their patriotic rejoicing. My eyes became moist, not as at other times, with wearisome uncertainty, but with pleasant emotion, and I imagined that an echo responded from the heights to the sonorous sound of the trumpet that arose from the earth: it was the fathers of the patria, who answered from heaven the salute of their children, the free citizens of Colombia.



# EVOLUTION OF THE CIVIC AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF CHILE

BY

OCTAVIO MÉNDEZ PEREIRA

Its topographical and naturalistic spirit.—The patriotism of the Chileans and the solidity of their political institutions.—The development of official teaching.—Journalism.—The novel and the story.—The poets.—The men of science.—The characteristics of Chilean culture.

**T**O WRITE upon the progress of the country in which one's mind has been formed and where he has spent the best days of his youth might seem to be the partial expression of feeling and not the fruit of a reason that has observed and compared facts and circumstances. I have waited, however, in order that a stay of six years in my own country should test my judgment and precipitate, like a sediment of the soul, the longings for and recollections of the far away, hospitable land. On the other hand, the world will be a witness to the accuracy of what I affirm here, since a conviction of the intellectual development of Chile and of the solidity and seriousness of her institutions is now held by all.

If I had to synthesize my thought in advance, I should say that while Argentina and Brazil—the other components of the A, B, C—offer the example of countries with great economic resources and of astonishing industrial, commercial and agricultural development, Chile, on the other hand, exhibits, in the essential characteristics of her political life, in her intellectual evolution and in the moral physiognomy of her population, very valuable traits that bear the most searching scrutiny of the sociologist.

Her inhabitants constitute, it should be said at once, the most harmonious national nucleus of America and the most deeply attached to its soil. Chile was also the first to furnish an example of ending the period of anarchy and revolution during the civic infancy of our turbulent democracies. Her territory stretched between the Andes and the Pacific, between the pampas of the pole and the deserts of the equator, she has defended herself valiantly

from these four colossi, and she has subjected them to her service. The Chileans have the obsession of the cordillera and the obsession of the sea, or, as one might say, the obsession of altitude and the obsession of immensity. Proud of living in a "corner of the world," safe within that jealous habitation in which nature has placed them: perhaps in this very thing is the secret of their nationalistic spirit and the great strength of their culture. On a solemn occasion when I was present, Rodó said to the Chileans:

Your national development has the graduated and harmonious ascension of an ample architectural curve, the serene firmness of the tread of laborers in the solemn hush of evening. It might be said that you have been able to transfer to the traits of your physiognomy the same character of austere and manly greatness that the traveler feels imposed upon his mind in contemplating the aspect and structure of your soil: in a setting of iron between the majesty of the mountain and the majesty of the sea, stamped with the seal of abundance, voluptuousness and grace.

It is a fact already well observed that the great civilization has been that of islands, like the Grecian, or that of seaboard countries, like Rome and Carthage. The very character of the people of such regions is distinguished by its haughtiness and independence, at the same time as by its aptitude for government and for letting itself be governed, for forming, in a word, well constituted organisms as nations. So it is with England, and it is so with Chile, whose sons are called, with sufficient exactitude, "the Englishmen of the south."

If only apparent riches be considered—a French writer has said, more or less—there is more past in Perú, more present in

Argentina, more future in Brazil; but in no other country of Latin America is to be found this normal development of an authentic and rounded nationality. It is the same thought that was synthesized by the vigorous mind of Root, after his trip through our countries. To some one who inquired as to his impressions of Chile, when he had already given them regarding Brazil and Argentina, he replied: "Chile . . . is a country!" A country, on the other hand, whose characteristic seal is a patriotism of fine quality, which explains, in turn, the evolution of her democracy and the solidity and progress of her political institutions, free from the blemishes that retard the regular organization of government among the other peoples of the New World.

Chilean legislation has served as a norm and model throughout the continent, especially the civil code edited by Bello,<sup>1</sup> a monument of juridical science in which are harmonized depth and form, clearness and concision.

Don Ramón Menéndez y Pelayo,<sup>2</sup> speaking of the learned Venezuelan said:

Fortunately Bello had gone to establish his professor's chair among an American people which, less endowed with brilliant qualities than any other, surpasses all the others in the firmness of its will, its seriousness and mature sense of life, in its worship of law, in its constant longing for perfection and in the virtue of respect. It did not succeed in training poets, because the land did not of itself yield them, but it educated men and citizens, and their spirit continues to watch over the great republic which for so many years has stood as the solemn exception amid the tumult and fruitless agitation of the surviving daughters of Spain.

Parallel with this political progress in Chile extends the progress in instruction that had made of her lyceums and universities potent centers to which gather students from the four quarters of Hispano America. L. S. Row, one of the North

American educators who has best studied and comprehended our educational institutions, has asserted, with Saxon sobriety and justness, that "Chile possesses the best lyceums and institutes of South America;" and, speaking of the university faculty that has exercised most influence upon the pedagogy of the continent—the Instituto Pedagógico<sup>3</sup>—he says: "another lesson of experience of much importance for the Latin-American peoples is the need to form teachers by profession for the lyceums and higher schools. Chile is the only country that has made notable progress in this respect. In the Argentine republic, the teaching staff of the colleges is composed of physicians and lawyers."<sup>4</sup>

It is that the Chilean state, from the first days of its independent existence, has been preoccupied, as few states have, with a clear consciousness of its task of forging, in the education of youth, a powerful instrument with which to cultivate the liberty, greatness and unity of the nation.

This love of discipline and order, and the liberality of her laws opened the doors of the country to numerous cultured foreigners, political proscripts or spiritual sowers upon virgin fields, who disinterestedly aided in the titanic labor. Among those illustrious foreigners stand out, as the watch-towers of Chilean culture: José Joaquín de Mora, Manuel José Grajales and Andrés Antonio Gorbea, Spaniards; Laurent Zazié, Claude Gay and Courcelle-Seneuil, Frenchmen; Ignatius Domeyko, a Pole; William Blest, an Englishman; Philippi, a German;<sup>5</sup> the wise Venezuelan,

<sup>3</sup>The school of education of the Universidad de Chile.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Not having at hand Doctor Rowe's original from which this passage was taken, it has been necessary to translate from the Spanish. If "colleges" is used in the original in the general sense of "universities and colleges," as in the United States, this statement is in the main correct, but if in the sense of the word *colegios* as employed in South America, to denote institutions of secondary instruction, corresponding to our high schools, preparatory schools and normal schools, the assertion is too sweeping, since in Argentina almost all instructors in institutions below the university grade are trained for the profession of teaching and they devote their life to it and earn their living by it.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Other Germans arrived later, and their names are brilliantly associated with public instruction: Joseph Heinrich Schneider; Rudolf Lenz, Friedrich Yohow, Friedrich Hanssen, Hans Steffen, Poenisch and Wilhelm Mann.

<sup>1</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 152.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>The author, of course, had in mind don *Marcelino* Menéndez y Pelayo, as the passage is from his *Antología de poetas hispanoamericanos*, volume II, page CXXII. He probably confused for the moment the Christian name of don Ramón Menéndez Pidal with that of the lamented Menéndez y Pelayo.—THE EDITOR.



don Andrés Bello, the first rector of the national university;<sup>6</sup> and the Argentines, Juan Bautista Alberdi and Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, the enormous Sarmiento, to whose impulse of a colossus Chile and Argentina owe the rapid progress of their public instruction. These "cosmopolitan" minds—in frank partnership with native minds of the rank of Lastarria, Barros Arana, Abelardo Núñez, Claudio Matte, Miguel Luis Amunátegui and many others—laid the foundation, it may be said, of the intellectual progress of the republic which the illuminated friar, Camilo Henríquez, proclaimed in his *Aurora* of 1812, the random sheet wherein Chilean literature and journalism had their birth.

It is not my object to make a detailed study of the intellectual movement that followed that brilliant advance, nor would it be possible in the few pages at my disposal. Many pages would be necessary, indeed, to cover the work of Lastarria, Varas, Vallejo, Tocornal, Bilbao, Matta, Espejo, Lillo, Vicuña Mackenna, Amunátegui, Arteaga-Alemparte, Reyes, Santa-María, Solar, González, de la Barra, Balmaceda, Huneus, Montt, Hübner, Barros, Blanco Cuartín, Errázuriz, Gumucio, Soffia, Figueroa, etc., etc. All these are representative names, and to them Chile owes the remarkable brilliancy of her journalism, her science and her literature in all their forms and manifestations.

A vigorous, original and restless generation has succeeded the earlier one, and it is destined to mark out for Chilean culture definitive paths in accordance with its idiosyncrasy, its environment and its genius.

Journalism, for example, can boast superior minds like Carlos Silva Vildósola,<sup>7</sup> with a facile and elegant pen and a keen and penetrating social scalpel; Joaquín Díaz Garcés (*Angel Pino*),<sup>8</sup> with a pleasing

thought and a natural and genuine creolism; Miguel A. Gargari and Armando Hinojosa, spontaneous and fertile humorists; Carlos Varas Montero (*Mont Calm*), a light and amiable chronicler; Alfredo Irarrázabal, Misael Correa, Egidio Pablete, Barros Méndez, Raposo, A. Subercasseaux and many more who keep the columns of the "daily" sheet upon a lofty plane. The Chilean press enjoys at present an ample liberty, to which social culture and respect alone set limits. Its uninterrupted tradition of civism and its noble and virile efforts to achieve the definitive organization of society have made of it a directive force of the greatest power and respectability.

A high level has also been attained by the novel and the story, with Alberto Blest Gana, the deacon of his field in Chile; Luis Orrego Luco, author of *Casa grande* and *Idilio nuevo*, two well elaborated novels of customs; Fernando Santiván, the author of *Ansia* and *Palpitaciones de vida*; Baldomero Lillo, the master of *Sub-terra* and *Sub-sole*; Rafael Maluenda, he of the *Escenas de la vida campesina*; Pedro Nalasco Cruz, Mariana Cox de Stüven, Emilio Rodríguez Mendoza, Guillermo Labarca Hubertson, Augusto Thompson, Federico Gana, Nataniel Yáñez Silva, *Angel Pino*, Roberto Alarcón, Mariano Latorre Court, Leonardo Penna, Joaquín Edwards, Ángel Custodio Espejo, Armando Carrillo Ruedas.

Among the poets of the new generation, disciples or contemporaries of Pedro A. González—the great lyricist of *Ritmos*—or of Carlos Pezoa Véliz—the bard of the sorrows of the people—in the front rank appear: Víctor Domingo Silva, apostolic and fiery in his valiant socialistic ideals, the one who said:

Humble pride of mine, if at this unquiet hour  
A bell should be made of all my poems  
To ring out to glory! . . . A poet, perchance, I am,  
But rather than a poet, I am a revolutionary;

Manuel Magallanes Moure, the sweet singer and chanter of nature; Francisco Contreras, an artist of French refinement, capable of feeling, nevertheless, the "romance of Chile" and the poetry of the "moon of the patria;" Antonio Bórquez

<sup>6</sup>The corporate name is Universidad de Chile.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>Who represented *El Mercurio* of Santiago, Valparaíso and Antofagasta on the allied front during the great war, and who, while spending some months in the United States during the spring, lectured at Columbia University and spoke at a luncheon given by the Pan American Society of the United States.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for October, 1917, page 35 and Biographical Data, page 64; and for February, 1918, page 179.—THE EDITOR.

Solar, the master of *Campo lírico* and of *Floresta de los leones*; Miguel Luis Rocuant, he of the *Brumas*; Diego Dublé Urrutia, whose inspiration has gone "from the sea to the mountain;" and Pedro Prado, equally intense in subtile and original emotions; Max Jara, Carlos Mondaca, Ernesto Guzmán, Jorge Hübner, Alberto Ried, Gabriela Mistral, Ángel Cruchaga, Daniel de la Vega, Antonio Orrego Barros, Pedro Sienna, Guillermo Muñoz Medina, Jorge González.

In the midst of so brilliant a poetic sylvia, arise, like massive trunks or protective trees, investigators and profound sages of universal renown, like don Valentín Letelier, don José Toribio Medina, don Domingo Amunátegui Solar, M. L. Amunátegui Reyes, Gonzalo Bulnes; critics and polygraphs like *Ómer Emeth* (Emilio Waise), Armando Donoso, Eliodoro Astorquiza, Valdés Cange, Amanda Labarca Hubertson, Inés Echeverría, Enrique Nercasseau y Morán, Juan A. Barriga, Luis Galdames, Enrique Molina, Arcadio Ducoing, Darío E. Salas, Jorge Huneeus, José María Gálvez, E. Blanchard-Chesi, Tito V. Lizoni, Valentín Braudau, Carlos Vicuña Fuentes, Moisés Vargas, Carlos Silva Cruz, Ramón Laval, Agustín Cannobio.

Chilean culture embraces to-day an entity sufficiently indigenous and vigorous,

born of a serene consciousness of progress, a rational assimilation of all that is good and a proper harmony with the environment, tradition and conditions of soil and race. The works of Chilean writers, more thoughtful than flowery, more intensive than extensive, original and tranquil, correspond well with the national characteristics which I have indicated above. Even the poetry itself does not hide behind what in the south is contemptuously called "tropicalism," that is, overwrought, motley, verbal adornment, violent metaphors and turns of speech, but it is one that reveals clearly and precisely the suggestive thought, the imaginative element and the sentiment. It might be said that the Chilean aspires to sobriety as a permanent recourse for virile beauty. Endowed with a strong national originality, at the same time as a sane, assimilative energy, he thus sets a seal of his own upon everything new, and he re-infuses into all his productions a breath of civism, a perfume of his native land and a serene spirit of republican austerity.

The rank that this great Chilean organism already takes and will take even more in American civilization claims the interest of all peoples by the manifestations of its intelligence and its character.

Behold, the reason for this article in *Cuasimodo*.





# DON VALENTÍN LETELIER AND HIS INTELLECTUAL WORK

BY

ALEJANDRO FUENZALIDA GRANDÓN<sup>1</sup>

The university of Rio de Janeiro has conferred upon don Valentín Letelier the title of honorary professor.—*A telegram from Rio de Janeiro.*

A sketch of an educator and publicist by an educator and historian. Chile has produced a long line of distinguished historians, bibliographers, educators and masters in the realm of international law. Don Valentín Letelier will live in the memory of his compatriots as one of the chief of them. The author, whose acquaintance with him covered many years, gives details regarding his life and career, and a description of his principal works.—THE EDITOR.

THE supreme distinction—*honoris causa*—which Rio de Janeiro's chief institution of learning has just bestowed upon don Valentín Letelier, is the merited reward of intellectual efforts that have extended over more than forty years of service to American culture.

The Universidad de la Plata had already conferred upon him the title of honorary academic counselor of the faculty of juridical and social sciences.

The name of the Chilean sociologist has found a place in a hundred works of Europe and America, and we perhaps might affirm that he is more studied and esteemed abroad than at home. His books are found in the libraries of scholars in the New World and the Old World; and, without exaggeration, we might call him our Aristotle.

He has received tributes of praise from thinkers of note, who have made him known in the scientific world. Posada and Altamira, in Spain; Bourdeau and Langlois in France; Bunge, Mercante, Rivarola, Quesada and González in Argentina; Prado y Ugarteche and Whilar in Perú; Pena<sup>2</sup> in

Uruguay, etc., etc., have made him celebrated in reviews and books, in universities and other centers of high culture. His doctrines and theories have been discussed in international congresses of educators; and in fundamental points, his teachings have received the most intelligent acceptance. The best endowed minds of the American intellectual world have, during recent years, effected this glorification of the life of our compatriot, in token of scientific probity and distributive justice, and out of devotion to the true and genuine worth of a whole life consecrated to study and disinterested investigation.

It is superfluous to say that, if the altruism of Letelier has brought grateful honors to his superior mind, it has not filled his pockets with coin.

A strange and suggestive thing! While the authoritative testimonies that have come to him from outside of Chile have

de la Plata; professor of sociology, methodology, etc., and author of *La crisis de la pubertad y sus consecuencias pedagógicas* (1918); *Frenos* (1918), etc.; Rudolfo Rivarola, publicist and educator, rector (president) of the Universidad Nacional de la Plata; Ernesto Quesada, lawyer, publicist, man of letters, author of a vast literature; Joaquín V. González, a contemporary jurisconsult, statesman, educator and man of letters, and an authority on public law, recent president of the Universidad Nacional de la Plata, and author of many juridical, political, educational and literary works; Javier Prado y Ugarteche, lawyer, publicist, rector of the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, in Lima, antiquarian and author of numerous works and addresses; Augustín T. Whilar, educator, and the author of many school texts; Carlos María de Pena, lawyer, publicist, diplomat, late lamented minister of Uruguay at Washington.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>This article was published in the February, 1919, number of *La Información*, of Santiago, Chile. The hope expressed by the author, that don Valentín Letelier might crown his numerous works with a final book to be entitled *Ciencia política*, was destined not to be fulfilled. Don Valentín died suddenly, on the morning of June 20, 1919.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>The lamented Carlos Octavio Bunge, lawyer, publicist, man of letters, professor in the university of Buenos Aires; Víctor Mercante, dean of the faculty of the sciences of education of the Universidad Nacional

made of him an eminent personality that belongs to civilization more than to his patria, our countrymen have not paid him all the honors due him as his proper right. He manipulates the language with vigor and correctness, and he is not even an academician! He has a profound knowledge of politics, and he has never been even minister of state!

He has followed, and he continues imperturbably to follow, the labors of a cenotaphic and laical Benedictine, surrounded by his books, richly laden with the lore of his studies; steeped in the noble delights of the spirit; absorbed, like Littré, in transcendental and fruitful meditations. This work absorbs him completely, even to-day, when a troublesome affection of the kidneys seems to have threatened him with the exhaustion of his intellectual powers. Fortunately, this passing illness has not in the least diminished his vigorous mentality or weakened his strength of will, which the lustrous scholar retains unimpaired. In his thought, happily, is not visible even a shadow of weakness. Erect, strong, as in the best days of his vitality in turning out the great amount of work that he has succeeded in producing, it seems to me that, after a brief rest, he ought to resume his task with that admirable energy of which, it might be said, he possesses the miraculous spring, obedient to the call of his iron will.

Letelier is now approaching sixty-seven—if I mistake not—but his mind, agile and alert, in no way betokens the old age that he went to vex the man who has passed the frontier of the sixties. Like many intellectual workers, he enjoys a mental and bodily health that is enviable, complete and of rare quality.

## II

Letelier early manifested his inclination to study; he filled the chair of history in the Instituto Americano, of Santiago (1873-1874). Barely enrolled as a lawyer (1875), he began to show the man of mind that he has been all his life. His first journalistic efforts in editing *El Atacama*, of Copiapó (1876-1877), already indicated the qualities of his unquestionable merit. Seriousness of themes, correctness of form, a desire to place his pen at the service of urgent doc-

trinaire ideals: all were the initial characteristics of his first writings as a discreet journalist.

Professor of literature and history in the Liceo de Copiapó (1875-1878), shortly the positivistic philosophy of Littré marked a course for his studies and gave a doctrinaire bent to his investigations. This is seen in *El hombre antes de la historia* (1877) and in *Opúsculos de filosofía positiva* (1878), in which is drawn a hasty picture—filled with interest—of Littré, the first disciple of Comte who made himself independent of the master; and in his work upon Condorcet, the forerunner of positivistic philosophy, a paper he published in the *Revista Literaria* (1878), maintained by the professors and students in the capital of Atacama.

In the Sociedad del Progreso, of Santiago (1879), he made himself known as a lecturer full of philosophical instruction, and he won great applause for his dissertations upon Comte and Mosquera and for a new plan of secondary studies, etc., etc.

In 1880, he edited *El Heraldo* and he shone as a writer of editorials by his keen discernment in judging of men and political affairs. In the same year, he wrote, as a prologue to Marconi's book, entitled *El contingente de la provincia de Atacama en la guerra del Pacífico* (two volumes), a study upon the causes of this martial episode and its international results. As assistant deputy for Copiapó, he was able to present certain bills that were useful to the country.

The quadrennium of 1882-1885 is singularly interesting in the life of Letelier. Secretary of the legation of Chile in Germany, which was headed by the illustrious Guillermo Matta, he devoted himself, with don Claudio Matte, to the study of the problems of education: a fruitful investigation that gave rise to reports presented to the Ministerio de Instrucción Pública, full of material both rich and valuable. *Las escuelas en Berlín y la instrucción secundaria* and *La instrucción universitaria en Berlín* (1885) are pamphlets that contain a wealth of information of the greatest utility. His study, *El método froebeliano* (1883), presented to the Departamento de Estado, and which comprised a complete and general plan of education of an essentially inductive character, is of great value. That legation



proposed to the Chilean government at the time the foundation of a kindergarten; the adoption of what was called the Matte syllabary; the sending of normal-school teachers to Nasqa (Sweden), to take courses in manual training; the contracting for teachers of the blind and of deaf-mutes; the adoption of a concentric plan of studies; the change of our system of examinations, etc., etc.

### III

Letelier returned to Chile at the close of 1885 with a scientific and pedagogical equipment of first order, besides a considerable collection of ideas upon administrative organization.

I understand that President Balmaceda offered him a position in the superior civil service, the directorate general of the postal service of the republic, if I am not mistaken; but, for reasons of which I am ignorant, this offer was not accepted.

About the time (1886) two contests were proposed, one of them by don Federico Valela (*La ciencia política en Chile*), and the other by the faculty of humanities (*¿Por qué se rebace la historia?*). Our author took part in both, and in both his memorial was awarded the prize.

The first of these works sets forth and solves certain of the fundamental topics comprehended by the theme. It probably requires a certain amount of revision, in order to discuss it as fully as it merits, and which the brief period of the contest did not permit.

To the second theme he devoted greater care, the particular bent of his now matured intellectual predilection, both for the study of history and the science of law and institutions, contributing; and, sowing in this fertile soil, he was led to dwell upon ethnology, seeking the desired solution of the genesis of law and institutions, and trying to ascertain the social causes of their development. With these elements of preparation, and using what remained over from a more ambitious work, he solved the query of the university by saying that "*history is rewritten because it has not yet come to be a science.*"

The pamphlet met the fate it deserved: it was awarded the prize in Chile and it was

received with applause by the learned of America and Europe, and, among them, by the illustrious thinker Bourdeau, the author of *L'histoire et les historiens*.

Fourteen years later Letelier brought out a second edition, completely rewritten, with the title *La evolución de la historia* (1900) with the addition of new data of investigations of great erudition, which changed the original memorial into a book of two volumes. In it he traced with the hand of a master the cardinal modifications of history and the examination and the classification of the sources of information, in order to determine what are the conditions for the definitive renovation of history. He set forth the principles that must serve as foundation for the science of history and sociology, making wise use of tradition; mythology, legend, present testimony, etc. Of particular merit—because of the novelty they offer—are the studies referring to the life of traditions and to the origin, development, perpetuation, alteration, extension or survival of legends, as also of the cause by which these are modified.

This work showed tradition to be hearsay testimony, a testimony especially corruptible, which is altered, he said, in passing from mouth to mouth, and which, before the discovery of printing, imposed its alterations upon legend; so that these two primitive forms of history are equally unworthy of the confidence they acquire among the ancients.

His classification of the sources of historical information was also a novelty in historiography. Letelier distinguished wisely between personal testimony, which springs from presence or tradition, and genuine testimony, which is actual and virtual.

Naturally our historian of ideas we comes, or coincides in thought, conclusion or inferences, with other authors who by different paths and different means of investigation have treated the same problems. It should be remarked that Lar glos and Seignobos, in a beautiful book (*Introduction aux études historiques*, 1898) have touched similar points and reached similar conclusions. It is not too much to say that in other realms the investigation of the French authors has completed the

points of view of the Chilean writer, especially in respect of heuristics (the investigation of documents, without which no history is possible), and of heremeneutics (the interpretation of the same), which often leads to results contrary to the truth, if one read an historical text with prejudgment (the *Hineinlassen* of the Germans, an expression which has no equivalent in Spanish or French).

This is not the moment, however, to enter into general considerations, in this rapid résumé of the works of our author, the subject of the present article.

#### IV

In 1888, Letelier began to occupy the chair of administrative law in the university, a position in which he remained until 1911, and he brought this subject into much prominence and importance, impressing upon it a marked scientific stamp, with a truly lofty tendency.

A university professor in the highest sense of the expression, he devoted himself with earnestness to supplying his students with an enormous wealth of learning. Renewing his lessons, broadening year by year his programs, up-to-date in theoretical questions and delving incessantly in them, his lofty position as a teacher was a source of ideas and ideals in which the Chilean youth were able to follow the thought of this eminent professor, as is abundantly shown by the memorials of the graduates in social and political sciences, which diffuse the knowledge acquired there. The theses on administrative law written at that time were very numerous, and in them may be observed the influence he exerted and the essentially scientific tendency of the learned instructor. A full page would not hold the list of them, and in them stand out the method of the professor, the turn of the ideas and the knowledge and the diffusion of the most advanced theories in the field of law. Never has a professorship in our country had a greater social influence, and the hundreds of students who passed through his classes will testify in the future to the efficacy of those masterly lessons, which illuminated the university paranymp with a shower of imperishable wisdom. The time must

come in which the history of our higher education will be written, and then must be seen how broad and efficient was that educational work of twenty-three years (1888-1911).

Letelier laid the foundations of the scientific study of law by renewing the ancient tradition of the illustrious Lastarria<sup>3</sup> who began them prematurely half a century earlier, amid the scandal of the guides of the intellect and of certain jurists of the old school, half theologians, half metaphysicians, who made the sign of the cross in the presence of that audacious innovation. Letelier swept away such spider-webs, and he gave to the teaching of law an entirely modern bent, working the transformation which, on a similar scale, had been impressed upon secondary students by the vigorous hand of Barros Arana.<sup>4</sup>

Following the example of the European universities, he opened his courses with lessons upon themes entirely new and upon the exposition of doctrines which, as soon as proclaimed, received the warmest approval in other intellectual centers. Typical of lessons of this kind are: the inaugural of 1889, upon: *La enseñanza del derecho administrativo*; that of 1891, upon: *La tiranía y la revolución*; that of 1894, upon: *La ciencia del derecho administrativo*; and that of 1896, upon: *Teoría general de la administración pública*.

Parallel with this abundant teaching activity he laid the documentary foundation of our parliamentary law with *Sesiones de los cuerpos legislativos de Chile* (1811-1845): a vast and very complete compilation made by authorization of the national congress—it consists of thirty-seven volumes—printed between the years 1886-1908, enriched with data from the periodical press and from different sources laboriously collated, each volume being accompanied by a full, analytical index to

<sup>3</sup>José Victorino Lastarria: a celebrated Chilean writer and jurisconsult, born in Santiago (1817-1888). His works were published in Santiago in twelve octavo volumes (1906-1914). In 1911, the author of this article published his two instructive volumes upon Lastarria, entitled, *Lastarria i su tiempo*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Diego Barros Arana: a distinguished Chilean historian (1824-1908): his complete works were published in Santiago (1908-1914), in sixteen large octavo volumes.—THE EDITOR.



facilitate reference. Unfortunately this great collection has not at the end a complete index of the thirty-seven volumes.

# V

The tendency of Letelier's spirit led him by the hand to the philosophic synthesis of education.

His diversified reading; his clear conception of the value of instruction; his skilful efforts in teaching; his active participation in the superintendence of public education; his unshakable belief that this is the first and vital problem of every nationality that wishes to be homogeneously spiritual in order to prepare a national evolution, led him to form this special predilection of his mind. This was the origin of his celebrated book, *Filosofía de la educación*, which he began to write in January, 1891, a historical date in our annals. Lying hidden, in order to escape the persecution of the dictatorship (as Letelier once related), he continued to work in prison, whither he was taken at the end of March, and when, in the following May, he was removed to the penitentiary, along with thirteen other political prisoners, he left the manuscript in safe keeping until the life of the republic became normal. In September, when he returned from Iquique, where he had been assigned with seventy prisoners, he collected his papers and immediately began the final writing of the work.

In 1892, appeared the *Filosofía de la educación*, and it was the object of a worthy reception in the great intellectual centers, serving as a text for consultation and as a study in several of the Hispano-American universities and institutes in which education forms a truly advanced teaching, wholly necessary to pedagogical instruction.

The edition published twenty years later contains considerable additions regarding the synthesis upon the pedagogical doctrines developed during that period of time.

Letelier's book, written with unexcelled clarity and correctness, contains: his theory of general education and the distinction between general instruction and special instruction; it suggests the bases that ought to form the general plans of study and of the organization of the universities; it gives

the theory of the teaching profession, that of didactic methods compared with those of investigation and that of the teaching state.

It concedes to experimental psychology the capital importance which it possesses in the renovation of pedagogy and in the radical changes which it works in the educational systems. All thoughtful people know, said Letelier, how much scientific importance in pedagogical questions is attached to the application of that experimental science in the individual adaptability of instruction, the discipline of attention, the possibility of avoiding distractions, overwork and laziness, the conditions of mnemonic study, etc.: questions that had never been settled hitherto with wisdom, because scientific psychology was not called into play; and in order to finish measuring its importance, let it be sufficient to remark that its influence has already been felt in whatever pertains to education and teaching, in the plans of study, hours, programs, didactic forms, in the care of the abnormal, in school regimens in systems of examinations, etc., etc.

If science studies the didactic forms, adds the author, which are only a kind of educational forms, there is no valid reason that justifies us in treating merely of one of the species, while passing the genus over in silence. He thinks, on the contrary, that in order to give an educative finality both to the teaching system and to the school regimen, it is highly useful to develop at this point the theory of education.

The author presents very interesting studies and observations upon the synonymy of instruction and intellectual education; the general and special training of women; the didactic rules that ought to be followed in the employment of methods; the gratuitousness of studies; and freedom in the profession of teaching.

Letelier remarks that, without renouncing in any way the European character of our culture, it may be affirmed that, in point of education, we have special needs that do not permit us apishly to imitate the educational systems of the old continent. If, for example, he adds, the refined culture of Europe explains the subsistence of a plan of general studies, which is the classic

one that attributes so much importance to fineness of form, he holds that, for the embryonic societies of America, another is preferable which, without disregarding the cultivation of letters, shall attend principally to the formation of the judgment, to the discovery of the reason and to the education of the character and the sentiments.

## VI

While giving this philosophical synthesis of education, Letelier has spread in a dozen newspaper articles ("La libertad electoral," "La ley," etc.) his doctrines in favor of teaching and of the liberal cause.

From his tranquil labors in the professorial chair and in books, he passed to the more active and heated defense of the ideals upheld by his advanced and emancipative mind. Mindful of the fact that, in the midst of the general indifference to books that exceed from seven to eight hundred pages, the reader shrinks, and that the masses can not abide the reading of them, because in modern life people read rapidly—fingering preferably newspapers and reviews, and the thick, solid and oppressive work does not attract—the author placed his vigorous pen at the service of these same ideals. Letelier then ascended to the platform of the lecturer and he went to the newspaper to foster and defend liberal culture in the republic from the arts of a reaction more dangerous—as he has said—because of its audacity than because of its strength.

These articles reflect his ardent temperament as a fighter; but the sower of ideals never forgot his teaching rôle and that in republics, there is no nobler vocation than that of educating. In this sense there is always instructive marrow in his dissertations; in all, mainly a lofty social finality; and never has he fled responsibility for speaking clearly and calling wine, wine, and bread, bread, without having regard for his personal situation, without considering, oftentimes, whether his enemies or his adversaries would take revenge, and even without observing whether his own friends would take in bad part his energetic attitude.

Letelier did not have a backbone of

rubber. I have seen him in the days of patriotic turmoil, and with his civic spirit, both lofty and incorruptible, pitch his martial tent and fight like a simple soldier, being or having a right to be a leader, when simple soldiers are those who ought to be led rather than leaders.

## VII

Letelier, after this active campaign, shut himself up again in his work-room. He continued the silent elaboration of the books that were to be the crown of his scientific life and the sum of his teaching labors, which he kept up with his wonted devotion.

He continued, in other respects, in charge of the Fiscalía de la Corte de Cuentas, and to point out, in utterances as erudite and luminous as conclusive, the governmental decrees which, according to his conception, suffered from the vice of illegality.

Those decisions, from which has grown up a flawless administrative doctrine, ought to be gathered in a published work, by collecting them from the newspapers in which they were scattered or from the archives of the court in which they lie buried. A similar compilation would be of the greatest service to our public administration, like that lent by the *Dictámenes fiscales*, of Ambrosio Montt, and in Perú, by the *Compilación de las vistas fiscales en materia judicial y administrativa*, of Paz Soldán, etc.

The credit of Letelier grew in intellectual circles in a most striking manner. His participation in educational congresses, the reputation which his books acquired beyond our borders, the thoroughness that marked him as an intellectual leader, gradually and indisputably elevated him to the highest rank of expectation in Chile.

By the common consent of the university cloister, the scepter of public instruction was delivered to him. During his period as rector the education of the country continued its prosperous and uninterrupted advance. He succeeded in accomplishing some of the reforms needed by the educational system. Inspired by the example of other similar learned institutions in enlightened countries, he suggested and obtained transcendent improvements, the discussion of which is outside the nar-



row limits that must be assigned to this paper.

What I ought not to omit is that our university enlarged the field of correlation and active exchange with other similar institutions of America, and that to its leader fell a prominent part in the meeting of the First Pan American Scientific Congress, which was held in Santiago (December 23, 1908—January 5, 1909). The preparation, advertisement, installation and management of this congress had in Letelier an organizer and coöperator of the first rank.

The twenty thick volumes, with hundreds of papers presented at the vigorous intellectual tournament, will bear credit through all time, better than anything else, to the immense scientific value of that historic assembly of illustrious representatives and delegates of the American continent.

Since then North American influence has continued to be linked with our country, and the representatives of the intellect of the great nation—the Rowes, the Moseses, the Shepherds, the Coolidges, the Reinsches, the Bingham and so many others—have continued to cultivate the most intimate intellectual relations with us.

These seeds have borne fruit. Not long ago institutions like those of Carnegie and Rockefeller, through the medium of ambassadors of intelligence like Goldsmith and Pearce and others, placed in correlation the scientific thought of Chile with that of North America; as such men as Elihu Root, have strengthened diplomatic relations, and such as McAdoo have drawn closer the financial ties.

In this way our country has broadened the realm of her international relations of the most fruitful kind, and such as will be able to favor our embryonic, intellectual, industrial and economic atmosphere, which in other respects, had already received that of other countries of broad culture through several public contributions.

Letelier amplified and strengthened our cosmopolitanism, which is of ancient date. No one is unaware that a Venezuelan was the first rector of the university of Chile,<sup>5</sup> the patriarch of our literary culture and the codifier of our civil law; that a Pole was the

most learned of our mineralogists; that Frenchmen were erectors of the topographical and geographical chart of our territory; that Englishmen are in our vessels, navy-yards and aviation service; that Germans are in the Instituto Pedagógico; Frenchmen, in the agricultural and vinicultural services and in those of astronomy and seismography; Belgians, in the service of the carboniferous deposits; Hollanders, in hydraulics; Swedes, in domestic economy, gymnastics and massage. In the fine arts we began with French and Italian masters, and only yesterday there were Spaniards in our Academia de Pintura, as there are Frenchmen in the department of architecture and Catalonians in that of the decorative arts.

Seventy years ago a Yankee was the first source of our national observatory: to-day the tradition is taken up again: we have sanitary engineers in our public health service and metallurgists from that nation in our mining industry; North American books stand in our libraries among the chief expressions of thought; and it will not be long before in our university chairs there will be professors from the technological institutions of the great republic.

Those who have followed and wish to follow the educational movement of our country will declare that our secondary teaching is the best in South America: a conception which has in its support names as authoritative as those of Leo S. Rowe, Peter H. Goldsmith, Adolfo Posada, Rafael Altamira, etc., etc.

I do not need to add that an evidential detail as to our teaching power is to be found clearly documented in the substantial *Memorias universitarias* that Letelier passed to the government during his rectorate; and in the literary and scientific works that adorn the *Anales* of the corporation, as in the compilations of the complete works of Chilean authors that began to be published at that time.

## VIII

I have passed over, in this review of the scientific and educational labors of Letelier, many works of less importance, but always interesting. I can do nothing more than make a slight allusion to them.

<sup>5</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 152, note 1.—THE EDITOR.

In 1906, he gave to the press a brief *Ensayo de onomatología*, a study of proper and hereditary names, in which he demonstrated that they are formed spontaneously, as the result of the general development of society. With a happy conciseness the author affirms that:

In the most backward societies, both persons and things are distinguished merely by means of common nouns; that proper nouns are the result of the development of languages stimulated mainly by the crossing of peoples; that first is formed the ethnic distinctive, the totem; in the second place, the gentilitious distinctive; and much later, the family distinctive, the surname, as a complement of the institution of the family and of hereditary right.

Another of Letelier's studies that I ought to mention is a short but solid *Biografía del doctor Gabriel Ocampo*, on the occasion of the gift of his rich library to the university by his distinguished widow. In this work, he sums up the merits that adorned that eminent Argentine juriconsult; he makes known certain interesting phases of the juridical movement in Chile and of the old Colegio de Abogados (Bar Association); and he presents a colorful portrait of certain forensic customs that have established themselves, with intermittencies, it is true, in our tribunals.

## IX

With the passage of the long years covered by this rambling sketch, Letelier continued imperturbably, tranquilly, to gather the sociological materials for his two major works, which are the *Génesis del estado y de sus instituciones* (introduction to the study of law), 1917; and the *Génesis del derecho y de las instituciones civiles fundamentales* (a study of juridical sociology, awarded as a prize in the last biennial contest of the faculty of laws and political sciences), 1919, which is to be followed by his treatises upon *Ciencia política*, the magnificent crown of the life of a savant already awarded the laurel wreath by general consent.

The mature and seasoned fruit of almost five lusters of university teaching, the first of the works mentioned is profoundly scientific in its character and method. The author says:

The method which I have followed in the study of the origin of the political organization of peoples, based wholly upon sociology, has led me to give prominence to the importance that attaches to the population, the territory and the city as integrating parts of the state.

The novelty of the work consists essentially in having completed the sociological theory of the state by taking up and developing the immortal teachings of Aristotle.

The book will not fail, certainly, for lack of supports. They are very necessary, and their multiplication, although apparently excessive, is not so when we reflect that if they were omitted, the work would lose its inductive character.

The task is extremely novel, inasmuch as he gathers his examples from Spanish and Hispano-American works, a virgin field for the sociologists of other countries, who often pass them over in neglect, because ignorant, probably, of the language in which these ethnographic sources are written. Letelier has been able to penetrate to all these primitive sources as an unexplored and exuberant field, and his examples, new, suggestive and of an extraordinary richness, gave to the book the most ample and satisfactory corroboration, and they might perhaps be even more explicit and extensive in observations regarding the primitive civilizations, which our author has not touched, as for instance, the civilization of the Nahuas and some phases of the Mexican ethnography, a fertile field that Morgan and Lumholtz have partially explored.

The *Génesis del derecho* is adorned with the same superior qualities as its companion, the *Génesis del estado*. The author studies in the former of these works the origin of the family and of property, with an ample accumulation of data taken from Hispano-American ethnography, and by which he adds very considerable data to the stores of the science of law.

Rich in novelty, particularly in the inductive synthesis of the social beginnings of law, Letelier's book sets out to generalize a complete theory of their evolution, making use of particular studies that have been written upon this subject by sociologists of other countries. It makes particular de-



mand upon the notable work of Von Jhering (not Ihering) upon the *Spirit of Roman Law* and his *Evolution of Law*, the latter a work that, in the opinion of the eminent German Romanist,

was the best of his productions and the fruitage of all his scientific life.

The Chilean author decided that juridical evolution is fundamentally equal among all peoples, keeping pace with social development, and he formulated a complete and systematic theory of the science of law, inferring it according to the method of the current positive evolutionists.

Preserving an independence of judgment that did not subject itself to any previous mold, the book reveals the profound influence of the positive conception of evolution. Of this same opinion are many writers of books that cover the point: the French and Italian sociological literatures, for example, not to cite more than two, those of Letourneau (*L'évolution juridique*) and of d'Aguanno (*La genesi e l'evoluzione del diritto civile*). The Chilean author, however, surpasses them in the amplitude of the general conception and of the characteristic details involved in the genesis of the conventional obligations of hereditary, penal and processal law.

Letelier, with a solidity of reasoning eminently experimental, formulated his general theory by successively studying custom as the origin and foundation of the juridical order; the irreformability of primitive law; justice as a factor in law; juris-

prudence as an aid to justice and legislation; the limited influence of legislation in the development of law; the preservation of law; the drafting of law; the defense of drafting; and, finally, codification.

Such, in summary terms, are the contents of this work which will finish establishing with firmness the universal reputation of the Chilean sociologist.

## X

There only remains to me keenly to desire that the illustrious publicist may be able and willing to carry to a conclusion the consummation of his mental labor by giving to the press the *Ciencia política*, the last link of this scientific series that places the name of Letelier so high among the most eminent thinkers of America, with the material halos acquired by more than thirty years of laborious gestation. The drawing up of his conclusions will not be delayed, I think, except by the time they require. The book is already thought out; it is only necessary to write it.

For his honor and for the honor of Chile and America, and yet more, for the honor of civilization, I hope that the great sociologist will proceed to carry out his plan and that he will give the inductive bases of the *Ciencia política*, the political forces, and especially the social classes and parties, political opinion, political relativity, the limits of the action of the state, the theory of political art, and the other materials he has outlined in his admirable university lectures.



# OUTWARD BOUND

BY

EDUARDO WILDE

Few possessors of literary ability who have gone down to the sea in great ships for the first time have not felt inclined to write and to publish their impressions, particularly if they have suffered during the process. As a result, the world has been favored, or bored, as the case may have been, by descriptions of voyages. We have here, however, the unusual. The writer was not only a keen observer with remarkable descriptive powers, but he displayed a vivid imagination, a sense of humor and an intellectual frankness that served to lift his whimsical account above the plane of the obvious and the trite.—THE EDITOR.

## THE TRAVELER WHO BIDS FAREWELL AND DEPARTS

THE quantity of fools in the world is incalculable, to judge by those I have encountered along the way—and among the number I count myself—travelers, like myself, for pleasure and without a devil of a reason that compels them to travel, instead of remaining tucked away at home and in comfort.

When you hear that traveling is so fine, do not believe a word of it, unless you chance to be the owner of a hotel, a ship, a railway or a shop that supplies bags and tourists' essentials, with razors for those who do not shave themselves, and rubber-set brushes that do not take leave of their handles with the first pull or two.

All this is the same as saying that it is good to suffer, to put one's self out, to be seasick, to burn one's self brown with the sun and expose one's self to being squeezed to death, lifted, lowered, fitted in, worried and regulated.

Begin, if you wish to convince yourself of the truth of my opinion, by recalling that you no sooner announce in your town your intention to go traveling than your acquaintances form themselves into two parties: one of them approves of your journey and the other condemns it; it thus becoming a subject of conversation regarding the issue of which you do not come off without leaving behind a good piece of your skin.

At last the parties become reconciled, and they declare the projected journey to be indispensable. The less fuss over a thing the better; and woe to you, if you do not set out at once, or if you decide to remain

at home; for then you will see painted upon the countenances of even your best friends the disappointment caused by your delay, or your change of plans.

"What? You are not going? And why did you say you were? Man alive; this is a pretty howdy-do!"

So, the one who announces a journey must go, because when his fellow-citizens have once accepted the idea of his going, they are capable of getting together to cast him out, if he does not start on his own account.

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There happens in such cases what takes place with those who are dangerously ill for a long time: if they do not die, they cause serious annoyance to their friends, their relatives and a part of their family, because it was a thing already foreseen that the invalid was going to die, and all are resigned to bearing up under so irreparable a misfortune. The funeral directors, the venders of coffins, the owners of horses and carriages and the shopkeepers of "La Cruz"—whose specialty is mourning goods—consider themselves affected in their interests, and they have grounds for being irritated with the sick person who has not died; and the same thing happens with the heirs—errors and omissions excepted—but what can be understood with difficulty, if one does not search well—however much there is of the unusual, the proper and the mysterious in the composition of human sentiments—is the furor of one's friends over the disappointment they feel, because they had already assumed a sorrowful countenance and had given orders to furbish up their frock-coats with mourning stripes of black cloth.



The impressions of farewell, when one starts upon a sea voyage, have changed greatly in the countries where it is necessary to travel to the end of the earth to take the great vessel,<sup>1</sup> thanks to the discomfort that the one who is going and those who are accompanying him experience on the way. Battle is joined between the heart and stomach, and the latter wins. All the better; thus sentiment is muffled, and travelers drown their tears, in order to wave their handkerchiefs in token of farewell to relatives who return to the land.

Alone on board! Strange phenomenon! The sensation experienced by every traveler is one of abandonment, as he enters his cabin, even when he knows that he is going to have for friends, within a few hours, the five hundred passengers who are on board. The floating house, unknown, filled with strange smells: the movement of the luggage: the confusion of voices, the scraps of phrases that one hears from those who are taking hurried leave and making parting requests of those who accompany them; every one's anxiety to stow away his bags; the impossibility of occupying one's self methodically with anything; the longing to have everything over and the vessel begin its journey; the distraction with which one replies to those who address him; the lack of coherence in one's ideas; a certain restless discomfort, from which one suffers because he does not know what he has overlooked, but which he thinks was a great deal and the most important; the spectacle afforded by all those who are embarking, half crazy and selfishly occupied with themselves, without regard for others, and lacking the courtesy and good manners they have on land; the cries of babies, who are protesting against the narrowness of the quarters, and the noise of the chickens, ducks and geese, packed away in colossal proportions, to be eaten on board; the mixture of sights, sounds and smells: the whole combination, in short, of these new scenes produces a sense of solitude, of desertion, of anguish and of fear

that must be experienced in order to be understood.

There, in the distance, are the little boats under steam or sails that carry back one's friends to land, while he himself goes timidly to reconnoiter the "bull's eye" of his stateroom, which he saw like a menace as he drew near the gigantic vessel: the "bull's eye"—I know not why it is given this name, for it is a simple window that looks upon the river or the sea, designed to let the light and the photograph of the horizon and the waves into the little cell of the seasick passenger, who, during the voyage loses everything—from a desire for his own safety, to shame and dignity—when the ship has much motion, pitching or rolling on its keel.

The meal hour arrives (all have a mind to eat, putting the best foot forward). They seat themselves at the table, maintaining a painful erectness; the conversation becomes animated among the old stagers; a word or two drops from the lips of the novices; little by little a nautical seriousness extends from face to face; the bustle dies down; only the noise of the plates continues, and each of the diners begins to look at his companions through clouds and mists; he sees the one in front of him rise and fall, the one at his side turn pale, another, far away, get up and go out reeling, like an ambulatory corpse, in search of the air of the deck, to free himself from what he will not rid himself of during the entire voyage—his stomach, his head, the seasickness that retches and wracks like all the illnesses combined, like all the pains, like the supreme formula of all human anguish.

The consciousness of one's personality is lost, the sight becomes dimmed, the eyes behold in the infinite a thousand formless vaguenesses, and at each fall, rise or tilt of the floating house one feels that the universe is confused, the stars reel, the firmament comes down upon him and falls like a mass to annihilate the perceptions of the miserable traveler, who would willingly make a contract with the devil to carry off his soul, if only the vessel would go to the bottom of the abyss.

Then come the comforters of the vessel,

<sup>1</sup>The author probably alludes to the fact that those who take the largest ocean steamers must go to La Plata, a distance of about thirty miles from Buenos Aires, to embark.—THE EDITOR

those who do not get seasick, with their vexatious counsels, their offers of food, their self-satisfied presence that seems a mockery, their sea-legs, hateful to him who is unable to move; while upon deck there is an increase in the number of the sick who are forgetful of themselves, cursing the hour in which they were born and hoping in vain for a moment of quietude, for mercy's sake, a cessation of the everlasting swinging which the vessel performs without pity, without commiseration, without truce or repose, like a sarcastic and cruel enemy who finds pleasure in the torment of his victims.

With what pleasure would one renounce his stomach, his head, his very existence, his present and his future, in that sea of suffering in which even the dearest memories and the most tender illusions are swallowed up.

All seems changed, everything tastes like something else disagreeable, sensations are as if they were muffled in cotton; one's soul is padded, obtuse, dark, obscure; the poor body is superfluous; arms are troublesome, legs ought to be elsewhere; the back of one's neck torments; one has no forehead, and the tongue is a thick rag, pasty, useless for articulation. If somebody would come and take one up with a shovel and pitch him into the sea, he would be doing a good deed, which the seasick person would appreciate and consider natural.

The horizon goes up and down, it slips away and seems to seek an arrangement that it does not find, and the shock of the waves, methodically disordered, upon the sides of the unbearable vessel marks the compass of the most intense suffering; every interminable minute seems to be an agony without beginning or end, in the midst of a dance of everything, wearily and madly performed in an atmosphere of poisoned intoxication.

## II

IN WHICH THE TRAVELER CONTINUES TO  
EXPERIENCE THE DELIGHTS OF THE  
PASSAGE AND THE ENCHANT-  
MENTS OF SHIPBOARD

The personages of the vessel file by like those of the theater, metamorphosed: those

who came with top-hat and a frock-coat now wear a cap and a sack-coat.

I have never seen a greater collection of caps: with ear-flaps and without, black, white, gray, blue, with visors or without. The women—I take back the word—the married ladies and the bachelor girls have changed those incredible apparatus they put on their heads, for helmets or other adornments that generally do not become them, contrary to their opinion. In an opening and closing of the eyes the people whom one has known on land and has seen and taken for reasonable beings appear in garbs they have never used and that give them the strangest of appearances, somewhat grotesque and ridiculous.

This triviality of dressing especially to be on board the boat can not be explained or understood, but it is a necessity. People will not believe that one is really at sea, if he does not wear the livery of the deck; and the curious part of it is that all—old and young, women and children—imagine they are adorable in their new costumes.

The first day, however, one does not have time to give heed to all these details; he can barely learn how many acquaintances are taking the voyage with him. The stateroom attracts; the berth, in spite of its narrowness and of its pillows in the form of cylinders—I do not know why!—and as hard as the souls of judges, invites to repose, and one lies down in it with the body bruised, the soul bruised and the head in a whirl, to ruminate upon his memories, to let pass like visions the scenes of the past moments, the farewells, the tears, the pressure of mechanical hands, the sincere feelings, the panorama of the pier, the passage of the coaches that brought one to it, some insignificant trifle that remains engraved upon the memory, because it has taken a notion to do so, such as the coachman's rubber cape with a torn buttonhole, or a lamp seller that one ran into in passing; and above all, and above everything, and well above everything, to masticate, with a kind of vexed sadness, upon the uncertainty of the dark future, vacillating, half threatening, because unknown, and presenting as hostile acts all those that are going to occur in and out of the cities toward which one is going and in which the stranger



peoples with whom it will be necessary to associate are profiled with a silhouette that is unfriendly, sinister, aggressive, toward the defenseless foreigner.

An impression of the human mind, innate in it, causes us to lose poise among strangers and to attribute to them more rights over us than we have over them. So ignorance and custom lead us to suppose that every demand is legitimate and every resistance on our part an attack. This false idea is the basis of the universal exploitation of the traveler by the native, unless the former be a full-fledged knight of industry.

All these ideas, judgments, recollections and incidents boil in the head upon the hard cylinder which is beneath, torturing one's ear, while the stateroom, following the oscillations of the vessel, pitches or rolls upon an unknown axis. The bitter flood, the poetic name of those fugitive and disagreeable creatures called waves, has begun to pound upon the sides of the boat, producing a noise as of flagellation with a wet rag, an isochronous noise that causes drowsiness, but that does not let one sleep.

The visions, recollections, of incidents continue their march to the measure of the boisterous waves; the monotony of the movement and of the liquid tones is only broken by some voice that comes from those who have not yet turned in, or by some jarring caused by the chains being dragged, or by the propeller leaving the water through some silly submersion of the bow, which has struck its nose too deep into the ocean.

The cadenced steps of the watch on deck bring the information that some one is keeping vigil, breasting the gusts of wind, in the silence of the night, gazing at the obscure horizon or contemplating the stars of the firmament that travel alongtwinkling their retail light, with the imperturbability of remote orbs, to which the news has not yet come that one has embarked and is well and duly stowed away, along with his recollections, in a floating cell and upon a bed without sides.

Night loiters upon its way lulled by the waves; each one in his stateroom passes his

impressions in review, counts them, classifies them and from them selects the theme of his more important nautical meditations or those that bite deepest into his heart: ordinarily the tender reminiscences, the male and female friendships he leaves behind, the hopes, desolations and melancholy doubts that hold down the leaves of the soul, as if they were papers upon a table, under pressure of heavy objects, in order that they may not fly away.

Making a chorus to this medley of images come beating upon one the pulsations of the machinery, the heart of the transatlantic steamer, which, for hundreds of hours, sings constantly its monotonous romance: *pon, pon; pon, pon*, with the sound of a metallic air, inspiring pity, agitation, delighting and grieving those who see, beyond the noisy cadence, the titanic work of the firemen, buried in the inferno, drawing out coal, shoveling it into the mouths of the insatiable, ravenous fire-boxes; and all in order that each plunger may go in and out, like a wild thing wrapped in oil, in the body of the pump, and cause foolish discharges, a complete play of parts, which, like gigantic and shining muscles give mad whirls, receiving in homeopathic doses the extreme unction with which a soaked wick supplies them, as they pass, in order to transmit itself to the outside in a formidable flutter of the propellers.

I know not if one sleeps or lies awake during night on shipboard; the vigil seems to be a somnolence and the sleep an unconsciousness during which one notices by fits and starts the cerebral occurrences. What is certain is that at the moment when one thinks he is awake the first thing he hears is the sound of the systole and diastole of the machinery: the only way one has at the moment to know that he is not in his house. Then the traveler, if he is wise, sits up and looks through the window at the sea, which is exactly like what he left on the evening before at the same place, except for one or another variation of color, which depends upon the sky, the depth of the water and what God wills.

All the descriptions I have heard or read of the sea are false.

The sea has no color or definite form—varying, tranquil, tumultuous, with tiny or colossal waves; blue, leaden, celestial, gray, light or dark green; with or without foam—the sea, according to my experience, is a great expanse of whimsical water, especially characterized by the absence of all variation and of all monotony, and by the absolute lack of fish.

“What a yarn!” my readers are going to exclaim, if I have any; but I should like to put them in my place, and ask them their opinion, after twenty days of sailing, in which, not even by so much as a shadow, will they have seen a living soul, in three thousand leagues of water—a fish’s soul, be it understood.

Those who tell of their voyage say:

“The boat was constantly surrounded by innumerable sharks;” a lie: I have not seen a single shark, and if one had to depend merely upon what I have seen in order to become acquainted with those gentlemen, he would not know a thing about them.

“In the distance may be seen the columns of water thrown up by the whales, and often they accompany the vessels for leagues and leagues;” a lie: there are no such whales; these estimable cetaceans have made themselves notable by their absence, during our voyage.

“Swarms of tunnies and a thousand other varieties of fish swarm at the sides of the ship;” a lie; there are no such swarms and no such tunnies, and no other variety of fish except those that one imagines by recalling the books of natural history he has studied.

One of the passengers said that he had seen a shark or a whale, and everybody thought he was crazy.

It seemed ridiculous for me to be at sea, to make a voyage of twenty days, to stop at ports, to take a turn about bays, and not to see a single fish, not even one!

I appeal to the testimony of all the passengers, whose names you can see at the agency of the *Mensajerías Marítimas, calle Reconquista*. I say therefore that it seemed ridiculous for me to live almost a month upon the ocean without seeing any fish; and, not wishing to have to relate so extraordinary and incredible an occurrence, there, at the extreme of the nineteenth day

of navigation, I asked for a box of sardines and called all the passengers; we proceeded to open it with due solemnity, and these excellent and popular conserves were the only fish we saw in the Atlantic ocean!

On the other hand, the sea, immense, infinite, overwhelmed and saddened with its interminable extent; the sea, sinister, during the night, joyful and sparkling, during the hours of the day, luminous and fresh, at early dawn, piled up its waves about the ship, letting itself be rent by the keel in the direction selected toward the horizon, which, uniting with the sky and making common cause with it, gave no sign of ever terminating.

From time to time a marbled wave broke on the rail, spattered with its shattered hair the foot of the masts, sprinkling the faces of the promenaders upon deck, some of whom had a taste of it, finding it salty, which is in no way remarkable. So it is, however, since it has occurred to divine Providence to dissolve so much salt in only one of the elements of nature, and he has forgotten entirely to put even a little of it in certain foods—which are sadly wanting in it—such as eggs, for instance, to which I, if I had been God, should have given a considerable quantity, to the great solace and happiness of men, who are fond of eating them fried, scrambled or soft boiled.

It is superfluous to say that, by such a distribution, I should perhaps have been able to leave the waters of certain seas potable, in view of the enormous number of eggs that humanity consumes to-day.

Some of the defenders of these irregularities or extravagances of nature haply might object, that salt in eggs would be hurtful to the future chickens; but that objection is answered by this observation, admitted by all the academies of the world: that chickens, to be eaten, must have salt put on them.

No one will take in bad part, I suppose, this little dissidence between the Author of the world and myself, as we live in a democratic country which is devoted to liberty of conscience, the popular vote and other herbs. I must confess, however, and by way of excuse, that no one should be



judged by a detail, and that if the Creator of the universe was but slightly far-sighted in making the distribution of chloride of sodium and if he fell into a few errors—such as not giving us an eye or two in the back of the neck, which would be very useful to us, and causing it to rain at sea, which is, in truth, all foolishness—on the other hand, he has produced other things that are very agreeable and very good: religion, for example, and raw oysters.

Rightly understood, to go to sea, is an act of temerity; but once on board no one thinks of the risk he is running, perhaps because that risk is one of every moment, every second. The ship may sink from a thousand causes: it may burn, it may lose its sails or its machinery. The captain, the absolute commander, may go crazy; the pilot may make a mistake and spread us upon the rocks; the crew may mutiny and take possession of the vessel, along with the passengers. I do not know how it is that one does not die when he considers that if he falls into the sea he is hopelessly lost, whether he be drowned, for it would not help one to swim, even if he could, one, two or more leagues, which are not appreciable distances in the immense expanse; or whether he be eaten up by the voracious *Carnivora* that inhabit, as it is said, the liquid element, in which case any one is certain to pass a bad moment, inasmuch as there would not be left him even the hope of being preserved, like Saint Jonah, in the belly of the whale, since, in the times through which we were passing, Calvinists, Lutherans or mere freethinkers, to all appearances, do not compete in the least in the preparation of miracles.

I already saw myself in a life and death struggle with a colossal cetacean in those good waves of God when I imagined I fell overboard.

One night, above all: what a horror!

The wind had begun to blow heavily from the afternoon. "It has freshened up a bit," said the captain. Devil of a vocabulary is that of these sailors: to call it "freshening up a bit," when the boat goes along by leaps and bounds, battered by the waves, and the passengers flying like foot-

balls, from rail to rail, crying out against the Phœnicians, who invented navigation, and against the fool that applied steam to the tortures of seasickness.

During the first hours of the night, it continued to freshen up, and at about twelve the freshening reached such a degree that nothing on board was in place. Well wedged in by several piles of pillows, I was trying to get the slight bit of sleep which the circumstances permitted, when the shouts of the passengers, the crying of the babies and the oaths of the sailors, reached my ears.

The boat was taming a wild horse; the sea, converted into a fury, lifted it upon the mountain of its waves and plunged it suddenly into the abyss. The sky was as black as a death house, the hurricane whistled through the rigging, the frame of the hull creaked and roared like a dying martyr.

The waters climbed over the deck and broke against the circular windows of the staterooms, which, with their thick glasses and their formidable fastenings, barely resisted the unbridled impulse. A violent combat began between the vessel and the sea; the tips of the masts seemed to get ready at times to string the liquid masses that pressed upon them; a thousand waterspouts together seemed to have had an engagement to tear everything to pieces: the propeller whirled in space, separated from the place of its labors, giving off harsh and hollow tones; the fires under the furnaces threatened to go out; the waves were converted into battering-rams that thundered with their furious blows, and, crawling over the rail, they seemed to show themselves in order to behold, through all the crevices, all that was taking place in the compartments.

The animals in their cages uttered pitiful cries that announced the end of their days. Terror was painted upon every face; the captain and officers were mute and deaf to the questions of the passengers.

The hold was almost filled with water; the steam pumps and the hand pumps engaged in a useless task; the storm had taken us by surprise and it did not give us time to close the cargo hatches; the water entered even through the ventilators of the

engines; two or three men had been carried away by the sea. Everything roared, whined, creaked, whistled, thundered, while the vessel danced a frightful dance in the midst of the sad and sudden tragedy. Not an atom of light upon the horizon, not a second of repose in the sea, which seemed to receive reinforcements, moment by moment, at the same time that every new burst of the hurricane announced that the weight of the tempest was on the way!

Not a luminous spark in the firmament, not a shadow of hope in the soul!

Along the rail, the mariners, in the midst of the onslaught that numbed and blinded them, struggled to prepare the boats and the life-saving apparatus; the darkness was intense; the lanterns, in spite of their reflectors, did not succeed in dissipating it; their rays penetrated it barely a few centimeters, to be lost at once in the compact mass; the dense night drank them up, without leaving any penumbra. All was sinking, swaying, limping, in a frozen medium, black and fantastic. The preparations, the noises, the bounding, the efforts of the engine and the struggle of the poor crippled rudder, the groaning of the cables and the flying of the fragments of waves, all, in short, terrified in that lamentable scene.

The hours passed in mortal agony, and everything continued to pound, thunder, whistle, roar, like a thousand wild beasts, caged and in heat.

All was broken, out of order, disobedient, beginning with the rudder and ending with the compass.

It occurred to some one to pray, and in the light of the lamp—hanging, like one sentenced to death, and swinging in long flights—the passengers knelt and commended their souls to God.

As they rose, a terrible crash, like an explosion of a colossal grenade, left them frozen to the spot; a cry of terror was heard immediately; the women began to weep, embraced by their children, brothers, relatives.

The lamp gave its final lurch, and, dashing itself to pieces in its fall, it ceased to illuminate the spot; all remained in darkness.

The captain, an agreeable gentleman, deeply versed—who knew the seas as the palms of his hands, for he had traveled everywhere—a serene man and self-contained, descended to the quarters where all the passengers were gathered. His appearance alarmed us even more; we saw he was moved, and, in spite of his efforts, concern was painted upon his face. With a somewhat tremulous voice, he said to us:

“It is necessary that each one get from his stateroom the objects of greatest value that he wishes to preserve and secure them to his body, well fastened; we are going to take to the boats, because the *Orenoque* is in peril.”

No one can imagine the effect of this announcement. The passengers obeyed instructions silently, and the place was deserted; outside, the roar of the tempest continued, uniting with the noise of making ready for putting the boats overboard. Soon everything was ready; we were summoned on deck to take to the boats, as best we could. The little craft rose and fell by the side of the ship, beating against its flanks and pulling on their lines; it was impossible to shift to them without risk of life. The mariners began to throw the passengers into the boats, as if they were bundles: first the women, then the children, which were jumbled together by their mothers.

In moments of great danger, a kind of unconscious stoicism takes possession of one, from which springs the saving semipoise with which divine Providence endows us and which must be of some use. Each father, mother, husband, brother, kinsman saw his son, his wife, his sister or his friend pass flying from the ship to the boat, thrown by one sailor and received by another, without apparent disturbance. Eyes were dry, bosoms oppressed, faces pale; the blood seemed to have retired from the capillaries to find refuge in the inner depths. An orchestra of dull sounds, of blows, of quivering accompanied the supreme agonies upon the borders of life. The tragedy was interesting; each one had changed into a spectator of his own disaster and his companion's. The imagination, which is always photographing, even in the head of



him who ascends to the gibbet, gathered up the fantastic scenes of this daring embarkment, in which we saw those who were already in the boats, one moment even with the tip of the masts, and the next at the level of the vessel's keel.

When it came my turn, I wished to pass by taking advantage of the moment when the boat neared the rail; I did not succeed in doing so; my feet found the void; and then I felt an extraordinary pressure upon the knee that had been caught between the two crafts. Afterward as between dreams, I heard the noise of a body falling into the water; my eyes saw only shadows; I was freezing; I was dying . . . I was drowning. Probably I fainted. . . . A terrible ringing sounded in my ears! A ringing that seemed familiar! A dining-saloon steward, a more dexterous bellman than *Quasimodo*, was ringing for tea!

"How?" I said to myself; "do they serve tea in the other world also?" For I could not comprehend that such vivid scenes as those of the storm were not real.

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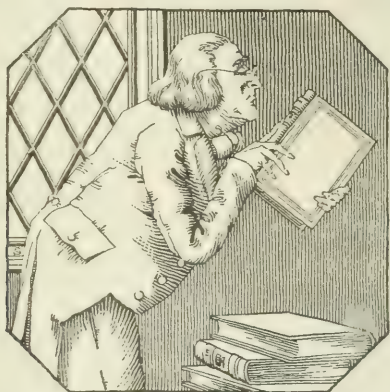
The engine continued its monotonous throb, singing below its eternal opera and announcing that it had not ceased to move throughout the night. A light breeze entered through the port-hole; the sea continued to be attached to the horizon; not a vessel was in sight, and a world of pillows began to rain from my state-room.

At any rate, and after all, I had witnessed a storm; if you will, in a dream; in order that the uniformity of the voyage, with fewer accidents than there might have been, should be destroyed.



# *This A Book Should Be*

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*W*HAT do you ask of a book—is it wit and wisdom, tears and laughter, tale and truth, knots and their untangling?

No, reader, these are gifts of the writer—never of the book. Its work is to bring to your eye a burden of riches for the mind.

Of a book you should ask that it carry its load easily and not awkwardly, worthily not shabbily, and that it be pleasant to look upon.

'Tis kindly counsel, friend, that to your knowledge of writers' style and matter you add a knowledge and love of the book itself—for love follows close on such knowledge.

It is good to see a book that is shapely, to feel one that is strong-backed and neatly bound. Coats of

leather, of buckram, of cloth, whether bare as a monk's frock or carved and gold-bedight, ought always to befit that which is within. The faces of letters are as the faces of men, and those runlets and edges of white overflowing the leaves have laws unto themselves that are older than the folk-law of England.

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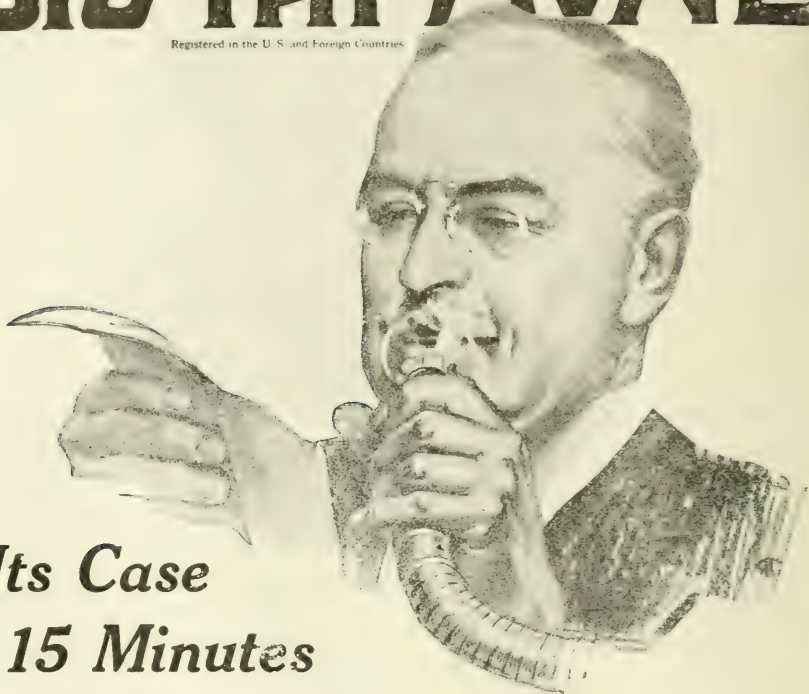


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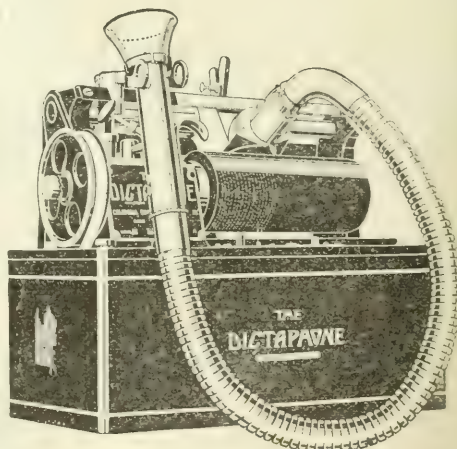
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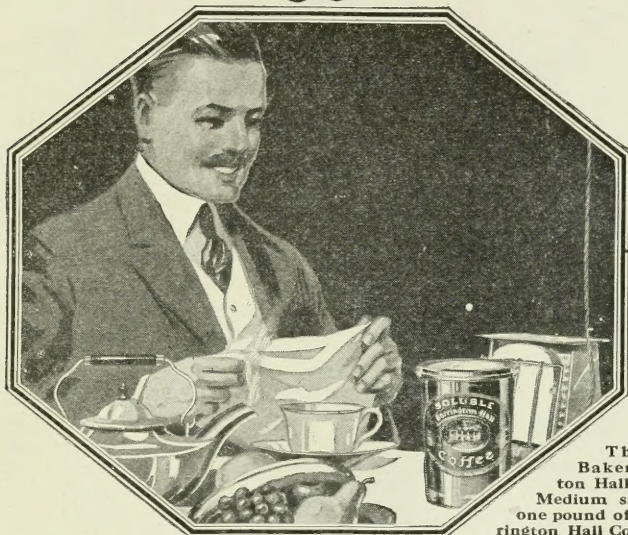
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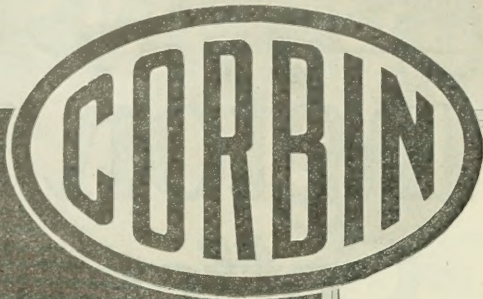


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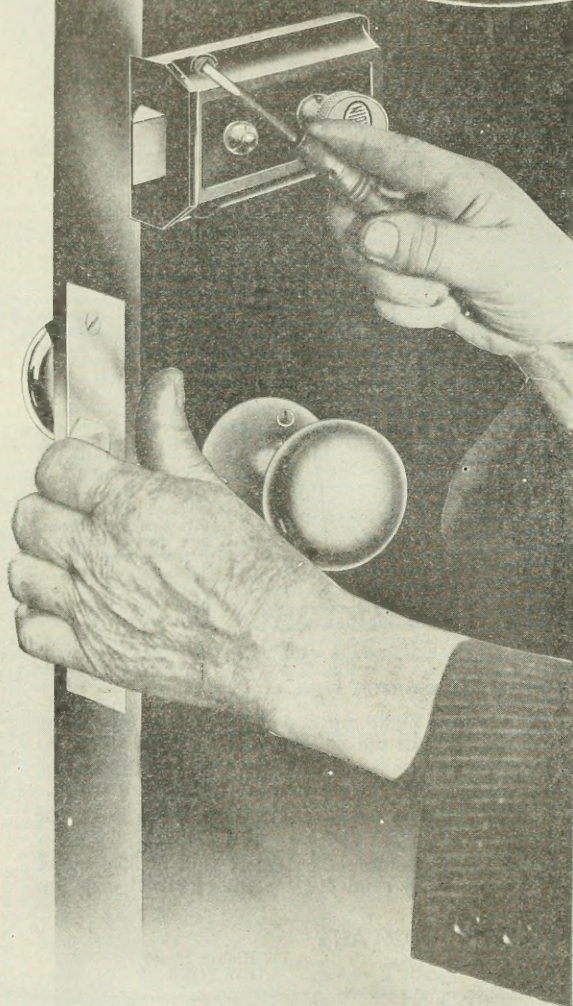
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